Bartley

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LIFE.

BY ALICE CARY.

An hour, a moment, a light, little breath—
Mystery! mystery! Life, Birth, and Death!
Backward and forward the waves flow and flow—
Why are they coming? and where do they go?

We know that the rule must be good and not ill,
But somehow it cheats our faith, strive as we will;
For when the long-coveted prize is achieved,
We marvel that ever we hoped and believed.

We have not our good things as yet, a great bliss
Is waiting us somewhere, but ah, 'tis not this
That lies in the path we are treading to-day—
'Twill come in some other shape, some other way.

We find in the garden, when once it is ours,
But shadows and dim intimations of flowers;
Our own royal rose still is blooming afar,
'Tis all the same story, the moth and the star.

The pleasure we have we let go in disdain,
And catch at some dream and set forward again;
And when we have reached what we thought the grand height,
We find that the mountain is only in sight.

We love and are loved, but it brings little rest,
And we die of starvation of heart, at the best;
We labor, and learn when the wages are won,
That all, all is vanity under the sun.

An hour, a moment, a low, little breath—
Mystery! mystery! Life, Birth, and Death!
Backward and forward the waves flow and flow—
Why are they coming? and where do they go?

LADY ASHLEIGH.

A TALE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy, which we must steep
First in the icy depths of Lethe's spring,
[illegible] will sleep.

Not a person present—and there were close observers amongst her guests—suspected the secret feeling of loathing and contempt with which Ashleigh received the introduction to Mr. Arlon, whose poilte and friendly manner—showing just the proper degree of warmth—filled the passionate admiration and anger with which he regarded her. In England she would have been considered little more than a child when they had last met. In India people have a different appreciation of age. There the flower is plucked when the dew of morning is freshest on its leaves.

"Heartless monster," thought her ladyship, as with a countenance radiant with smiles she welcomed him to Henston Hall.

"How beautiful she is!" mentally ejaculated the new-comer, taking her extended hand in his, and raising it, with the formal gallantry of the day, to his lips.

Not even Sir Harry, who was standing near, perceived the involuntary shudder that ran through the frame of his wife as she felt the contact of his cousin's lips, or the menacing glance that answered it. Both were so evanescent, we question whether Nature's swift painter, the sunbeam, could have fixed them.

"The Marchioness of Belgrave, her daughters, Lady Mary and Lady Margaret Pimlico, Miss Currey, Lady Priory, and Mrs. General Orby," said the baronet, presenting him to the rest of the ladies.

"And what have I done, Harry, that I am to be omitted?" demanded Lady Manvers, who made her appearance in the drawing-room just as the ceremony of introducing Mr. Arlon had been gone through.

"I am too old a friend to require being named, to recall me to the recollection of your ladyship," observed the gentleman, in a tone which indicated that he desired to stand well in the opinion of the speaker.

The dowager gave him her hand with her usual stately grace, and regarded him earnestly as he raised his still handsome head after saluting it.

"You are not much changed," she replied, and there was that in her tone as she spoke, and her eyes as she looked steadily into his, which might have led a careful observer to believe that a greater change in the expression of his countenance would not have been, in her opinion, for the worse.

"I have heard sad tales of your goings on in India," she added.

The age of the speaker, as well as the relationship between them, explained, if they did not altogether warrant, the freedom of her ladyship's remarks.

Although Mr. Arlon was too completely a man of the world to betray the slightest confusion at this attack, he could not avoid casting a reproachful glance at Lady Ashleigh.

"Quite wrong," said the dowager, who perceived it. "Selina never heard your name till her husband informed her that he had such a scapegrace relative."

"Indeed!"

The indeed was pronounced half doubtingly.

"Indeed," repeated Lady Manvers. "She told me so herself!"

The gentleman smiled, and felt satisfied, for he knew the dowager too well to doubt her assertion.

"I have almost given him the right to despise me," thought the mistress of Henston Hall, greatly mortified at the unexpected turn the conversation had taken.

"The first time I ever knew that proud lady descend to falsehood," muttered Mr. Arlon to himself. "Good! It is a proof she fears me."

"My dear Lady Manvers," exclaimed Miss Currey, "are you aware of the mischief you have done? Such a reputation as you have given Mr. Arlon would make the fortune of half-a-dozen *modern beaux*. Is he really so dangerous?

"I am not afraid," she continued, laughingly, as the gentleman flashed his eyes brightly upon her. "I am a *non-conductor*, if you please."

There was something irresistibly comic, as well as graceful, in the curtsey the old maid demurely dropped him.

"The assertion must not lull me into a fatal security," observed the visitor, gallantly.

"My lady is served," said the butler, throwing open the door of the drawing-room.

It was one of the good old customs of Henston Hall that on the first day of his arrival, each male guest should conduct the mistress of the house to the dinner-table, and occupy the seat of honor by her side.

Much as her ladyship desired it, it would have looked strange to have departed from the rule in the present instance; and with a relative, too!

Lady Margaret Pimlico was seated, as usual, next to Lord Lutestring, whose attentions began to assume a serious tone, much to the mortification of his disinterested nephew, and her admirer, Captain Vivian.

The last-named gentleman still labored under the delusion that it was in his power to distance the pompous peer by proposing. He was in error. The well-disciplined beauty, if not reconciled, was perfectly prepared to submit to her fate.

"She struggles bravely," thought Mr. Arlon, charmed by the ease and grace with which Lady Ashleigh did the honors of the table to her guests. "Europe has improved her in mind as well as person; she is more piquant than ever. In India she would long since have faded and been forgotten,"

Little did the heartless wretch suspect the pangs those struggles cost his victim—the bitter shame, the secret rending of the heart, the self-loathing and reproach at finding herself compelled to act a part so foreign to her nature; and even if he could have seen them, have analysed them one by one, the sight would only have added to his triumph.

Whatever judgment society might have pronounced had her sad story been known, her ladyship at this period of her life was more to be pitied than blamed. She was silently paying the penalty of another's crime—*not her own.*

Once, and once only, during the evening did the unhappy woman lose that self-possession her unmanly persecutor so greatly admired. It occurred in the drawing-room, when Mr. Arlon, drawing her children upon his knee, imprinted a kiss upon the cheek of each. She could endure no more. The mother's heart revolted at the profanation, and she snatched them from him with a movement so brusque that it attracted the attention of those nearest to her.

The glance of the offender conveyed a terrible menace.

"They are too old to be kissed by gentlemen," observed her ladyship, confusedly. "It will make them hoydenish. Papa has half spoiled them already by his romping and indulgence."

"Nonsense, Selina!" exclaimed her husband, laughingly. "I hate to see girls prudish and womanly before they are out of leading-strings."

"Lady Ashleigh is right, Harry," observed his cousin, "if she wishes her children as innocent and as faultless as her herself."

"Was that a sneer or a compliment?" whispered Miss Currey to the barrister.

"A compliment, no doubt," replied Dorrilon.

"Umph! well! perhaps it was. I saw that you noticed the look Mr. Arlon gave Lady Ashleigh when she snatched Jane and Mary from him."

The gentleman had seen it; but not choosing to acknowledge the disagreeable impression it had produced upon his mind, remained silent.

"I am certain that you *did*," continued the speaker, "for nothing escapes you lawyers. To me it looked very like a *threat*."

"Absurd!" replied Dorrilon. "Pardon the word. I should have said impossible."

"Absurd!" repeated the lady. "Are you serious?"

"Really."

"Then you are less clear-sighted than I supposed you were," answered Miss Currey. "Show me the life without a secret."

"Your own, for instance."

"Perhaps!" ejaculated the old ma[illegible] sigh. "That is what you men call a [illegible] I presume—artful creatures."

"If we are artful," observed Charles Dorrilon, "your sex is romantic, and discover mysteries in the simplest actions. You heard the gentleman's character?"

The lady nodded in the affirmative.

"What more natural than that Lady Ashleigh, whose conduct through life has been beyond reproach, should revolt at seeing her children caressed by such a man. There," he added, laughingly, "I have given you the key to the blue chamber."

"*But not shown me the spectres,*" answered Miss Currey.

"Because I do not believe in them."

"I do, and, like Fatima, must find them out myself."

"Beware the penalty," said the barrister, playfully.

"I am quite safe," replied the old maid. "You forget I must be married to incur the punishment."

With this observation, to the great relief of the gentleman, she permitted the conversation to drop.

"I cannot endure this, Selina," whispered Arlon, as he took the hand of his hostess on retiring for the night; "we must come to an understanding."

"Yes; I perceive it will be best," murmured her ladyship.

"When shall I see you?"

"In the morning."

"And where?"

"In the park. I generally walk there from twelve to two. You will find me by the waterfall," was the hurried reply.

The gentleman kissed her hand a second time, and, with a smile upon his lips, bade Lady Ashleigh good night.

"I wish, my love," said her husband, as soon as they found themselves alone, "you would be a little more cordial in your manner to my cousin."

His wife regarded him earnestly.

"I am under considerable obligations to him," he added, hesitatingly.

"Oligations!" repeated her ladyship, bitterly. "To him?"

"Yes; pecuniary ones. To be sure, I pay a fair interest for the money, and the debt is amply secured by a mortgage on Henston; but were he to call it suddenly in, we might find ourselves embarrassed."

"Pay it, Harry," said his wife. "I will consent to any sacrifice! Give up our house in town, and let me remain in the country. There are my jewels, too! I know that they are very valuable; my marriage settlement, and the insurance upon your life for the children. *Pay it,* if you love me—anything rather than remain in the power of that man."

These passionate exclamations, which were broken by a flood of tears, surprised the baronet, who began to reproach himself for having unnecessarily alarmed her.

"Why, pet!" he said, drawing her fondly to him, "I never saw you so nervous before. There is nothing to be seriously uneasy at. The timber upon the estate would at but clear the encumbrances. Not that I should like to fell the old oaks my father was so proud of. You shall keep your diamonds," he added, "and your house in town. What would I do in London without you? I merely hinted that you might be a little more friendly with Arlon."

"I cannot bear him to touch my children," sobbed Lady Ashleigh.

"This is childish!"

"Call it what you will, it revolts me."

"Nonsense! You must not mind what Lady Manvers said. Her ideas are of a bygone age—she is too straight-laced. My cousin has been a little wild, perhaps."

"Wild!" repeated his wife, with a shudder.

"But not worse," continued her husband, without appearing to notice it, "than the rest of the world. India, by all accounts, is not the most moral country in the world."

"Thank y[illegible], Harry," said her ladyship, blushing deeply.

"There!" ejaculated the baronet, kissing her, "you have almost betrayed me into making a rude speech. Ah, Selina, if all *women were pure and single-hearted like* yourself, the world would be better, and men more worthy of the name."

The tone of tender confidence, of unbounded love, in which these words were uttered, rang like a death knell in the ears of the unhappy woman, whom a few hours, as she well knew, might see degraded in the eyes of the husband she so dearly loved, and separated from her children.

"You must subdue this weakness," he added.

"I will subdue it, Harry," said his wife—"subdue it for your sake. It is gone. I am nerved again."

"I can perceive nothing to be nerved at," observed the owner of Henston Hall, laughingly. "Why, Selina, to see your looks, and hear you speak of my cousin, a stranger would imagine him to be some terrible monster, such as one reads about in fairy tales—a sort of ogre who regularly makes his dinner off defenceless women and children.

"If you are such a little coward now," he added, "what would you be if any real danger threatened you?"

"Be, Harry? Steel—steel!" replied Lady Ashleigh, calmly.

The words were accompanied by one of those rare but peculiar looks which more than once had plunged Charles Dorrilon in a profound reverie. The young barrister had a passion for analyzing character. It was an amusement, a kind of intellectual puzzle to him, and the wife of his friend taxed his ingenuity to the utmost. To him she was a living Sphinx.

He had not solved her yet.

The next morning proved a bright though frosty one, and most of the guests assembled at the breakfast table appeared in excellent spirits.

"Who is for the home covers?" demanded their host, whose gaiters and shooting-jacket announced his intentions.

"Ah, those affairs of state!" he added, addressing Lord Lutestring. "Your lordship, I fear, is engaged, as usual?"

The peer bowed gravely.

"Sorry to hear it. I may count upon your nephew and Vivian?"

The Honorable Edward Pumpkin regarded his uncle, who graciously informed him that for once he could dispense with his services.

"Wanted him out of the way," thought the captain.

To the surprise of Sir Harry, the last-named gentleman declined joining the party. Lady Margaret Pimlico, he considered, was treating him most unhandsomely. She ought to have waited, divined that his intentions were serious, and not try to force him to a declaration by a flirtation with Lord Lutestring till he had *quite* made up his mind.

"No shooting!" said the baronet. "What ails you?"

The jealous lover made no reply.

"'Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play.'"

exclaimed Miss Currey, in a theatrical tone, and at the same time casting a satirical glance at the aged peer and Lady Margaret.

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the captain.

"Poetry, you mean."

"The same thing."

"Shall I finish the quotation for you?" demanded the old maid.

"'For some must watch, whilst some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away.'"

she added, without waiting for his reply.

"Stuff!" exclaimed the gentleman, testily.

"Shakespeare, you Goth," said the lady. "Mr. Yallop, why do you not reprove Captain Vivian for his treason to the divine bard?"

"I am not one of his worshippers. Shakespeare, in my opinion, has been greatly overrated," replied the person thus appealed to. "I should never think of employing such language as he has made use of."

"No one would suspect you of it," observed the lady, with an ironical smile. "Poor Willie! Town and country alike taboo him."

"And very properly so," said Priscilla Yallop, coming, like a dutiful daughter, to the assistance of her papa. "I have discovered many very objectionable passages in his works."

"How industrious you must have been, my love!" remarked Miss Currey, in a tone of affectionate interest.

The young lady blushed, muttered something about the speaker being an extraordinary creature, and the conversation ended.

Every morning after breakfast Lord Lutestring was in the habit of passing an hour or two in the library, where he wrote his letters. It looked well. Many an official envelope was left by his lordship upon the table, or thrown carelessly on the carpet. An experienced actor could not have studied the *mise en scene* more effectively.

"It is time, Margaret, to bring your admirer to book," observed the Marchioness of Belgrave to her eldest daughter. "We must not be trifled with."

"No, mamma," answered the young lady, with a sigh!

"You will follow his lordship into the library, and give him an opportunity of declaring himself?"

"Yes, mamma. But if he should not declare himself?"

"I shall doubt your being a child of mine," replied the manœuvring mother. "Not declare himself!" she repeated. "Impossible, after the attention he has paid you. He cannot avoid it, if you have any tact."

"The position is more difficult than you imagine," said her daughter, musingly. "The table at which he writes is enclosed by a horrid screen."

"Well?"

"How am I to draw his attention from those provoking dispatches?"

"Margaret, I really blush for you," exclaimed the Marchioness. "Is this the fruit of all my lessons? One would imagine you had not had the advantage of a mother's care. Ask him to reach you a book—request his opinion upon some favorite author. If your inclinations were in the affair you would soon find the way," she added, reproachfully.

For once the speaker was in error. Her daughter's inclinations—*that is to say, her ambition and pride—were really engaged in the* affair. She had made up her mind to be Lady Lutestring. A coronet and seventy thousand a year were not to be thrown away.

Accident, as it frequently does, played into her hands in a manner she least expected.

Lady Margaret Pimlico had scarcely seated herself in the library when Captain Vivian, who had watched the occasion, made his appearance. He had not the slightest suspicion that his lordship was in the room, and must necessarily overhear every word he uttered.

The lady, who was meditating her attack upon the peer, beheld his approach with secret pleasure. She was quite clever enough to make him unwittingly her ally.

"I have long sought an opportunity of speaking with you," said the gentleman, fully persuaded that he had only to enter the lists and win.

"With me?" exclaimed her ladyship with prettily affected surprise.

"You cannot be ignorant of my feelings. They have been too apparent. I danced with you last season at every ball. Came to this dull place only on the certainty of meeting you. Refused Arlie's invite to Scotland; and yet you have used me cruelly."

"I!"

"Lacerated my feelings, driven me to desperation, and—and——"

"How many more items are to be included in the bill of indictment you have preferred against me?" demanded Lady Margaret, laughingly.

"Cruel girl!"

"Really, Captain Vivian, I do not understand you."

"Not understand me," said the guardsman; who began to suspect that to make a declaration successfully was not quite so easy an affair as he at first imagined. "Nonsense! You know I always meant to propose. Looked upon it as a settled thing. My fortune is almost as large as——"

"It would be affectation to pretend to misunderstand you," interrupted the well-tutored lady. "I thank you for the good opinion—the honor you have paid me; but it is utterly impossible that we should ever be more to each other than friends."

"Refused!" ejaculated the gentleman.

"Excellent friends, if you will——"

"Refused!" repeated the astonished suitor. "You can't be serious. Have you forgotten the flower at the Duchess of Cranberry's rout? The words at the opera; when——"

"Captain Vivian," said her ladyship, speaking hastily; "most seriously do I regret if any thoughtless, innocent acts of mine have encouraged hopes that never can be realized."

"Never realized!" exclaimed the guardsman. "Good gracious! Has Lutestring distanced me after all? Why, he is old enough to be your grandfather; and——"

"I cannot, will not, hear a word against so distinguished a man," interrupted Lady Margaret Pimlico, with well-acted impetuosity.

"If you have accepted him," said the guardsman, "of course I can understand—quite right!"

"Lord Lutestring has not proposed to me," observed the artful girl, with a sigh; "nor ever will. His life is devoted to his country's greatness. He is too important a personage in the state to find time for love. A mind like his disdains such weakness."

"You can't deny his attentions," muttered the disappointed lover.

"His lordship has been attentive to me!—*very attentive!*" said the lady; "and I feel most flattered and grateful that he should unbend his lofty mind to conversation with a simple, ignorant girl like myself."

Never in the course of his life had Captain

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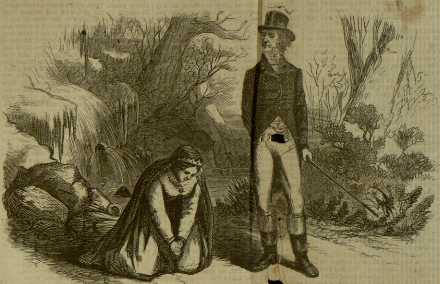

LADY ASHLEIGH AND ARLON.

Vivian felt so mystified. Not that he believed a single word she uttered. The lofty mind of Lord Lutestring was too much for him to swallow. Wounded vanity forbade him to repeat his offer, and he quitted the library, fortunately without expressing the opinion he entertained of his rival too clearly.

"Is he gone?" demanded the gratified peer, peeping from behind the screen after the door had closed.

"My Lord! You here?"

The scream and start which accompanied the words were the prettiest bits of fashionable melo-drama imaginable.

"Do not fly me, dearest girl," added his lordship, taking her hand. "I, too, have something to say to you."

An hour later, when Lady Margaret Pimlico returned to the dressing-room of her mother, she threw herself into her arms and whispered:

"It is all over, mamma. I may be Lady Lutestring whenever I please."

A flood of tears followed the words. The Marchioness took no notice of them. The proposal had been made and accepted. It was all the heartless woman of the world cared about.

CHAPTER IV.

Evil that enters once within the heart,
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.
OLD PLAY.

The waterfall in Henston Park was a spot of great natural beauty. No Capability Brown had been permitted to mar its lovelinesss, under pretence of improving nature. The limpid waters gushed from the chasm freely and unconfined, till they fell into the lake at the foot of a pile of rock. The only attempts at ornamentation were a few shells, and the remains of a statue overgrown with lichen—a species of vegetable leprosy.

The red pine and Norway fir formed a double belt, not unlike the frame of a picture, round the place; whilst large icicles, hanging like lustres from the pendant boughs, gave them a wild, fantastic appearance, not without a certain beauty as they glistened in the cold December sun.

As Mr. Arlon advanced to the place of rendezvous, Lady Ashleigh met him. She appeared pale, but calm—provokingly calm, he thought. He would much rather have seen her flushed and agitated, unable to meet his gaze, as in days gone by.

"Punctuality is not always a lady's virtue," he observed, raising his hat with the most ceremonious politeness. "Permit me to thank you."

"I am not here to listen to compliments," observed her ladyship, quietly. "We each of us know their value. You wish to speak with me."

"Selina, my heart is on fire. I cannot paint the misery I endure at beholding you another's. Europe has realized the promises of your youth, developed your understanding, added grace and refinement to your beauty. I am mad when I reflect you once were mine. Have you not one word of pity for me?" he added; "no reply to the avowal of my sufferings?"

"I came to hear what you had to say to me, Mr. Arlon," observed the mistress of Henston Hall; "not to listen to a senseless rhapsody, which, if I did not know you, would excite my mirth. You forget," she continued, "that whatever phase of character you may assume to others, to me you are known—falsehood has no veil, cunning no device, brutality no outrage," she added, with marked emphasis upon the words, "that can surprise me more."

"I love you, Selina! passionately, madly love you!"

"Ridiculous!" ejaculated Lady *Ashleigh*. "Men never strive to appear contemptible and infamous in the eyes of the woman they love."

The countenance of Mr. Arlon changed. The voice and manner of the speaker stung him even more than her words.

"By heavens! you bear it bravely," he replied, in a sneering tone.

"How should I bear it?" demanded the lady.

"You forget how completely you are in my power—that one word from my lips will reduce you to such abject misery that mercy itself could never find you. I have but to return to the house, and proclaim to your guests the relationship that existed between me and their hostess, years since in India, to see them shrink from you as from a living leprosy—to hear your husband cast you off—drive you from the house to which your presence is a disgrace, separate you from your children, who will henceforth blush to hear you named."

At this allusion to her daughters the firmness of Lady Ashleigh gave way, and she wrung her hands in speechless agony and shame.

"How the world will laugh," he continued, "when it learns the tale. How that the virtuous, immaculate wife of my cousin Harry ——"

"Hold!" shrieked the unhappy woman. "Have you no touch of humanity in your nature? no sense of manhood or of pity! *You* to reproach me! You! infamous as cowardly. I was scarcely fifteen when the wretched man who calls himself my father threw me into your power—sold me to you. You had beggared him at the gaming-table; obtained possession of bills he had forged, and left him no means of saving a dishonored life but the sacrifice of his only child.

"Young as I was," continued the speaker, with increasing vehemence, "I never was your willing dupe. I hated and despised you. I was the victim of loathsome violence."

"Perhaps you will prevail upon society to believe it," observed the well-bred ruffian.

"My husband will believe it," replied the lady.

"'Pshaw!"

"And avenge me," she added significantly.

"I never fight with the man who is my debtor," observed Mr. Arlon.

"Coward!" ejaculated Lady Ashleigh.

"Selina, this is folly, madness," said her persecutor. "If I have shown you my power, it is that you may not drive me to use it. Why should we not be friends?"

"Friends!" repeated his victim bitterly.

"Neither Harry nor the world need suspect ——"

"Do not pollute my ears by infamous proposals. I would prefer death to safety at such a price. Leave me, for I look into my heart and shudder. Leave me, for your own sake, if not for mine."

"A menace," exclaimed the gentleman, laughingl.

"No; a prayer—a prayer! Spare me if you are a man."

Lady Ashleigh threw herself at his feet. It was the wife and mother he had humbled, not the woman.

A cynical smile passed over his features as he regarded her.

"Selina," he said, "you ask of me too much—a self-denial I am not in the habit of practising. Call me selfish, if you will—perhaps I am so; but your beauty is my justification. Never did my heart beat so passionately as now. The utmost I can accord, is three days to reflect before you answer."

"Three days!"

"If you decide on quitting Sir Harry and flying with me to the Continent, all that wealth can lavish you shall command. If you determine on remaining with your husband, you may trust to my prudence and discretion to guard your reputation."

"Only three days!" repeated the unhappy woman.

"Am I not generous?"

The look that answered the unmanly question might have warned him there were limits to the forbearance of the being he had so cruelly outraged and insulted, which it might be dangerous to pass. But his evil passion blinded him. He saw in her the weak, defenceless woman only, prostrated by terror, and entirely at his mercy.

"If this misery is to fall upon me," sobbed the mistress of Henston Hall, "I cannot remain beneath the same roof with my children; the sight of them would be a reproach to me. It would kill me to feel and know myself a living lie—a degraded thing unworthy of their love, their unsuspecting father's confidence."

"You will fly with me, then?" exclaimed the villain.

"I said not that. Three days! yes, three days to reflect—to decide. They are mine. You promised."

"And will not break my word," said Mr. Arlon.

"Thanks! thanks!" ejaculated her ladyship, hurriedly. Then, as if conscious for the first time of the words she had uttered, she clasped her hands and added:

"Oh! that I should ever live to offer thanks to him."

The report of a gun was heard at no very great distance. It came from the home preserve, where Sir Harry and his friends were shooting. The speaker hastily dropped her veil, and darted down a narrow avenue, leading to a cottage inhabited by a widow and her son.

Esther, the name of the woman, was the only person who had accompanied the mistress of Henston Hall to Europe. In Paris she had resided with her more as a companion than servant, and so great was the confidence they reposed in each other, that but few secrets existed between them.

On Lady Ashleigh's marriage with Sir Harry, Esther came to England, and soon after her arrival, bestowed her hand upon the son of Gilbert, the steward.

The same year saw her a wife, a mother, and a widow.

Esther was in many respects a remarkable person. From her dark complexion and piercing black eyes, many took her to be a Jewess, a supposition to which her name lent probability. Others asserted that she was of Hindoo origin.

Although clever, well educated, and her conduct free from reproach, she was not generally liked. Her too great reserve offended the farmers' wives and upper servants at the Hall. Mrs. Bolton, the housekeeper, had a hard struggle to keep her temper when speaking of her, and generally terminated her discourse by requesting her hearers to inform her who Esther Morris was, that she should give herself such airs.

Her hearers being as ignorant as herself upon the point, the housekeeper's question had never been answered satisfactorily yet.

The education the widow was giving her only son proved a secondary cause of dislike. People thought it too ambitious. The boy dressed quite as well as the young heir, and studied under the same masters, being sent every day to the Hall for that purpose, and returning to the cottage at night. The old steward marked the progress of his grandson with satisfaction, and frequently predicted to Esther that her son would succeed him, if he minded what he was about.

The widow smiled at his words, and shook her head. Perhaps she was not ambitious, or *had other views for him.*

Fortunately Karl—the name of the boy—was from home when Lady Ashleigh, half dead with terror and excitement, entered the cottage and sank into a chair.

Some persons would have expressed their surprise and sympathy by asking a hundred useless questions, or by wondering and endearments. But the widow took a more practical and sensible view of the case. She walked, without uttering a word, to a small chest, which she unlocked, took from it a strongly-perfumed essence, and commenced bathing the brow of her visitor.

"He has found me, Esther—the serpent has found me," murmured Lady Ashleigh.

"I am aware of his presence," replied the woman. "Karl told me of his arrival at the Hall."

"He threatens me."

"Let him threaten."

"Declares he will expose my past life—heap misery upon the head of my noble-hearted husband—shame on my innocent children! unless—I—spare me the rest. You know him."

"*Well*," replied Esther, emphatically

"I am lost! lost!"

"How did you reply to his vile proposals?"

"By scorn and defiance," replied her ladyship.

"That was unwise."

"I could not help it. My heart would have broken had I attempted to conceal the loathing and contempt he has filled it with. It was folly," added the unhappy woman. "I felt so afterwards, and humbled myself in the dust before him."

"That was weak."

"Entreated his forbearance."

"And he replied by insult?" observed the widow.

"Yes."

"Would I had been there," muttered Esther Morris. "You should not have humbled yourself before the wretch in vain."

"Not in vain," said her ladyship. "Arlon has given me three days to decide between death and infamy."

"Three days!" exclaimed her confidante, for the first time betraying something like animation in her gesture and looks. "Had the villain known that *I* was so near you, he would not have granted you as many hours. Three days," she repeated to herself. "In India, I have known a province lost and won in half the time."

"Can you save me?" demanded Lady Ashleigh, starting from the seat in which she had continued during the interim languidly to recline.

"*I can.*"

"And will you?"

"I will."

"Bless you, Esther! Bless you!" exclaimed the mistress of Henston Hall, seizing her hand, and pressing it gratefully to her lips.

"Husband! children! home! are mine again! all mine!"

Although the speaker had only the widow's assertion of her will and power to protect her from the terrible danger that menaced her reputation and happiness, she never for an instant appeared to doubt either the one or the other, but listened to her promise with the implicit confidence of a child.

"*Upon one condition*," added the woman.

"Condition! yes, anything. Is it money? You shall have all that I can command."

"No."

"My diamonds, then? They are yours. Peace of mind is far more precious than the most costly gems."

"You ought to have known me better," observed Esther Morris. "My services, like my friendship, are not to be purchased by gold or jewels."

The widow whispered a few words in the ear of her visitor, whose countenance suddenly became overshadowed by an expression of uneasiness and distaste.

"It may not be in my power," she faltered.

"I ask no further than your power to grant or refuse may extend hereafter," was the reply.

Still Lady Ashleigh hesitated.

"Take your chance," said the widow, coolly.

"I consent."

"You must do more."

"More!"

"Yes; for now I doubt you. There is a secret pride, Selina, lurking in your heart, which, like the seed of the Auruxis, only requires unclouded sunshine to put forth bitter fruit."

"You must swear to me," added the speaker.

"I will; yes, anything," faltered Lady Ashleigh; alarmed lest the widow, offended by her hesitation, should recall her promise.

"Remember that it is a solemn compact between us," said Esther, after her visitor had repeated the words she dictated; "as you value your safety, your husband's love, the esteem of your fair children, do not attempt to trifle or palter with it."

"Never."

"Living or dead I should know how to avenge it," observed the widow. "'Tis well that we have three days before us, otherwise I should be [illegible] much pressed for time. To-morrow night," she continued, "you must contrive some excuse to send for me to the Hall."

"Nothing more easy; I can be ill."

"Illness will be as good a reason as any other," said the woman. "Let it be about the hour when your guests are engaged in the drawing-room."

"I understand."

"Arlon must not see me. His craven soul would take the alarm, and exposure become inevitable."

"What is it you propose?" demanded her ladyship, lowering her voice to a whisper, and looking into her eyes with an expression of terror, as if she feared to hear the answer.

"I will inform you when next you see me."

"Not life? Oh, not life!"

"That will depend upon accidents I have no power to control," observed Esther, calmly. "You are strangely pitiful. Have you forgotten your wrongs?"

"No."

"[illegible] you would spare him?"

"I would not unnecessarily burden my soul with crime," replied Lady Ashleigh. "The consequences might prove disastrous to us both."

The widow smiled disdainfully.

"You would slay him, then, if you could do it safely?"

"As I would the venomous reptile that had coiled its loathsome folds around my foot," exclaimed her visitor, "and sleep peacefully after having done so. My wrongs have armed me with a right more sacred than legal justice."

"We understand each other, Selina," observed Esther Morris, in her usually passionless tone. "It is time that you returned to the house; your prolonged absence may be noticed by your guests: but before you depart I must remove all traces of these tell-tale tears."

Returning to the box, or species of casket, from which she had taken the essence applied so [illegible] to restore her visitor from her [illegible] the speaker mingled several drugs [illegible] water and set it before her. "[illegible] reminds me of old times," observed Lady [illegible], as she bathed her features in it.

When [illegible] mistress of Henston Hall made her [illegible] amongst her visitors, they one and all congratulated her upon the effect of her walk.

Never had she looked more beautiful.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WAITING.

BY MARY FORREST.

Sitting in maidenhood's fairest flush,
Waiting for maidenhood's waking blush,
        Half prescient,
        Half nescient,
Braiding still dreams, now sombre, now bright,
Hoping, yet fearing to break on the light;
        Drooping long lashes
        O'er slumbering flashes,
Bending thy brow to the mystical chrism
Of joy or of wo, from Mœra's abysm;
The feet of the angel, or demon, slow creeping,
To trouble the waters now peacefully sleeping—
Oh, spirit of Beauty, thou stirrest my soul
Like the full, soft sigh of the ocean's roll,
When lightning and tempest are floating unseen,
In the crimsoned cloud with its silvery sheen.

THE KING OF THE WORLD.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

At the Asylum of H———, which I visited by invitation, I soon became much interested in the different phases of insanity exhibited by the numerous patients of all classes. The institution was large and commodious, with several acres of pleasure-ground attached to it; the rooms were light, with high ceilings, well ventilated, and were kept in the most perfect order; and everything about the establishment was so arranged as to produce a tranquil and cheerful effect. Many of the patients were of the wealthy class; and where their condition of mind would justify the indulgence, they were permitted to dress to please their taste, to meet together for social converse and amusement, and to conduct themselves to suit their fancies. In these cases it was sometimes very difficult—in fact almost impossible—for a stranger, left to himself, to discriminate between the sane and insane—the attendants and the patients.

I remember a couple of rather ludicrous mistakes that occurred with myself. Dr. S———, the principal, who had been acting as my *cicerone*, was suddenly called away just as we were entering a large hall devoted to all kinds of harmless games, among which were billiards, bagatelle, shovel-board, and so on. As I stood alone, looking at the players—who were certainly conducting their games in a very rational manner—a well-dressed gentleman came up to me, with a polite bow, and opened the conversation by inquiring what I thought of their institution. I replied that I liked it much; and we talked together, in a very agreeable manner, for some five or ten minutes, when I chanced to inquire how long he had been there.

"You know," he replied, quietly folding his arms across his breast and giving me a peculiar look, "when Napoleon Bonaparte was supposed to have died on the sea-girt isle of St. Helena?"

I nodded in the affirmative.

"Well," he rejoined, drawing himself up with a haughty air, "*I am he!* I did not *die* there, as was *falsely* reported! I came here in disguise, and have been here ever since, waiting for France to send an army to restore me to my throne. This is a secret, however, *entre nous!*"

With this he strode away, with a military air, leaving me a very much astonished individual—for up to the moment of his confidential disclosure I had supposed myself conversing with one of the hired attendants.

A minute after, another person came up to me and commenced a rational conversation. I humored him, and at the same time did my best to ascertain the peculiar topic of his malady. I labored in vain. He appeared to be rational on every subject I touched upon. At length he was called away, and at the same moment Dr. S——— returned. I related to him my first amusing mistake and subsequent caution, and inquired in what the irrationality of the second party consisted.

He laughed heartily.

"The one who just left you," he said, "was Dr. B———, my principal assistant."

I had made two mistakes. After that I did not pretend to even guess who was insane and who not.

I could relate many interesting facts of that visit—but as I have designed this article principally for one, I will omit the others for the present.

"Now then," said Dr. S———, when we had nearly completed our tour of the institution, "I am about to present you to 'His Majesty,' as we call him—the '*King of the World*,' as he styles himself. Who is he? your look inquires. He is an *incurable*. His case is a sad one, indeed. He was, at twenty years of age, a student at P——— College, of brilliant intellect and great promise. He fell in love with a beautiful girl, who rejected his suit because already engaged to another. Study and love united, dethroned his reason. He made an attempt upon his rival's life and was arrested and imprisoned. He escaped one night, fled to the girl's house, found her and her lover together in an arbor, seized him at once and strangled him to death. Then, with a madman's strength, he caught up the girl, who had fainted from terror, and fled with her to the nearest wood, pursued by her friends, who had arrived too late upon the tragic scene to protect even her. They succeeded in rescuing the girl, however, and arresting the madman. He was tried, acquitted on the ground of insanity, and sent hither. All this, mixed up with his insane fancies, you will probably hear from his own lips, but in language of a highly poetical order. * * Well, here we are—this is his apartment. Now please remember he is a king, and observe the proprieties. We must humor him. Bow with reverence, stand uncovered, and wait to be addressed."

As he spoke, the Doctor opened the door of a small but neatly furnished apartment, and disclosed to me a pale, handsome young man, seated on a kind of throne, with a sceptre in his hand and a paste-board crown upon his head.

"A distinguished stranger craves audience of Your Majesty!" said the Doctor, bowing low.

The King of the World smiled graciously, and made a dignified sign for me to advance; which I did, in a silent and reverential manner, halting at a respectable distance from his sacred person and making a profound obeisance.

"'Tis well!" he said, in a rich, musical voice; "you need not speak—we know the boon you seek—the history of our royal self from our own royal lips. You are surprised! You should not be—it does not flatter our sagacity. It takes no occult skill to read your wish, because it is the wish of thousands—millions—ay, of all mankind!

Great Jove with lightning rived the air,
With thunders shook the startled earth—
Nations, o'er-awed, kneeled everywhere,
And we, the mighty king, had birth!

"And yet, O mortal of inferior mold, how we shall set aghast your soul [illegible] we proclaim [illegible] period we were lost among the common herd, who, for [illegible] years, knew not our royal rank, and never dreamed, thick-pated fools! that they were jostling, day by day, the sacred person of their king! 'How could this be?' you ask, in thought. Ah! how indeed! How come the fires that through Vesuvius stream up to the stars. It is a mystery that none may solve.

"Yet it was so. For twenty years we moved among the baser sons of men, and not one knew us as the prince of direful birth. Then in a vision it was told to us, and we prepared to take the crown and rule the world. But not alone. There was one born, fit to reign with us—one who, with eighteen summer blooms upon her head, became so bright that all men knew her as a something far above their comprehension. When she walked in the sun, there shone a brighter light; the moon before her paled, and all the stars went out!

"We knew this lovely being not till in a dream she was revealed to us, and then we sought her out and wooed. On bended knee we wooed—on bended knee we told our royal secret—on bended knee we pointed to the glorious future—traced our happy pathway in a line of light—presaged a grander reign than mortals yet had seen. You stand amazed, that we, to whom all nations bend the knee, should have so bent us to another! So it was—decreed, perhaps, by Jove, whose thunders dire had told the nations of our birth.

"What said the love maid whom we had chosen for our queen?

"'I am not worthy of such royal honors!'

"'More worthy thou, in that thou dost not know thy worth, than any queen that ever sat on golden throne!' we answered.

"Full forty times we made our suit, and yet could not prevail. Then came a fairy, in another vision, and said, in silvery tones:

"'O, live forever, mighty king! and wisdom learn each day! Gain now this truth: The worth that angels love, shrinks from the dazzling pomps of time! Drop rank and pride, and go to her, the loveliest of the fair, and offer for her heart and hand no other than a pure and honest love, in which the humblest peasant is as rich as he whose word is law for all the realm.'

"We went, as we were told, and plead our suit like common mortal—spoke of the pageantries of courts as things which had no value in our eyes without her love—for which, in turn, we offered only love, that brought us to one level. Alas! we plead in vain!—the monarch of a world had been forestalled!

"'I have no love to give,' the maiden said, with downcast eyes; 'my heart is now another's!'

"We went away, sad as the mourner at the grave of all his hopes. And then we had another vision—but not like any which had come before. This time no fairy came with shining light; but awful demons, swimming in a sea of blood, who shrieked:

"'Revenge! revenge! revenge! Shall he live who has dared to lift his eyes to her who should be consort of a king?—whose wily words have stole a heart to drag it down to his base level and keep it from the lofty sphere for which great Jove designed it? Shall this man live, and nature suffer it without convulsion?'

"We answered to the demons swimming in that sea of blood, that on this planet only one of us could live.

"In wrath we wandered forth to seek our base-born rival; and the earth, in sympathy with us, did shudder, and the bright sun hid his face, and all men were afraid of something awful.

"For days and weeks, scarce tasting food or quenching thirst, we wandered up and down the earth, unrecognized of men, who would have quaked with fear had they but known us as their monarch in plain guise. At length our steps drew near to him we sought—for, though not far from us at first, great Jove had so decreed that we should wander far and long, in deep humiliation, as an atonement for the sin of dire revenge already on our soul—that, when the deed should be performed, we might be regenerate, and take our royal place among the mightiest of earth: our steps drew near, we say, to him who had forestalled us in our love; and when at last he looked upon our angry face, and saw the lightning in our eyes—and, more than this, the glittering steel within our mighty grasp—he quaked, and shrieked, and turned and fled, and so escaped among his plebeian friends, who gathered round and laid their sacrilegious hands upon our royal person, and bore their king away and shut him in a dungeon.

"There did our august person lay, walled up in night, for such a length of time as would make your already blanching cheek grow white as driven snow to hear; and there we might have lain forever, unknown to those who now are glad to bend the knee before us, but that the demons came to us again, commissioned by great Jove himself, and gave us strength to rend our bars like reeds, and snap our chains like threads, and so once more go forth upon our rightful mission.

"This time, in beggar's guise, we passed unknown among our subjects, more humble than the meanest, and laughed in secret at the thought of their astonishment and terror when they should come to know us as their sovereign. Thus, not in pomp and pride, but in a garb of wretchedness, our steps directed by a guiding power, we sought once more our rival, and found him in the act of paying suit to her who should have been our queen. Unseen by either for they were sitting in the arbor of a garden, holding hands, and talking in low tones—we stood and gazed upon them, till the heavens grew red with fire, and the earth grew red with blood, and twenty demon-voices shrieked:

"'Revenge! revenge! revenge!'

"Then we sprung forward, and, in a voice that shook all nature, we cried out:

"'Basest of all that treads the realm of which we are the rightful monarch, how dare you lift your eyes to her who has found favor in our own!'

"The maiden shrieked in fear; and he, who was the cause of all our wrath and trouble, would have fled, as erst he did, in trembling terror; but this time Jove had willed it otherwise. We seized him, as the strong man might an infant, and raised him up, and dashed him down, and fell upon him, and choked the life all out of him!

"And when we saw our rival dead beneath us, and knew ourself victorious monarch, we rose and sought the maid, to once more offer her our royal hand. We found her prone upon the earth, as still as him that we had left; and lifting her, as if she were a child, we turned and fled toward a deep, dark wood, in which we shelter sought from wild pursuers, who knew not even then we were their king, and had the right of life and death over all our subjects.

"They came in legions, and with them a thousand shrieking demons, whose eyes were everywhere, so that we could not hide our sacred person. Encompassed round and sore beset, we fought them all as king should fight, and held them long at bay with prodigies of valor.

"But what was one against a host that knew us not, and would not know us, when we proclaimed our rank? but scoffed, and called us murderer and madman, and swore that we must yield to them or die? We might have conquered mortals, merely mortals—but then there were a thousand demons—led by them that had come to us in a sea of blood and shrieked revenge and helped us on to do the deed for which we now were to be rudely seized, and, peradventure, dragged to condemnation—and by so many we at last were overpowered.

"Ha! ha! the world is not ungrateful when it knows what cause it has for gratitude. Our subjects did not know us when they laid such violent hands upon our royal person, and dragged us to a dungeon, and thence to trial in their petty court; yet mighty Jove, whose awful thunders all have heard, did not forget us in our hour of need, but raised up one to tell the nations who we were. And when they knew us for their king, lo! what a change! what deep regrets! and how abject they bowed and craved our royal pardon! We forgave them, winking at their ignorance. Then, with one accord, they set to work, and built this gorgeous palace, and placed us on this golden throne, where we have reigned for twenty thousand years, without a consort! Go! you have our wondrous history!"

He waved his sceptre majestically. The audience was over, and we silently bowed ourselves out backwards.

"God grant I may never lose my reason!" was my mental prayer, as I thoughtfully departed from the Asylum of H———.

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.

There is an outside and inside in many things besides stage-coaches. We usually at first see only outsides, and think of nothing else; but as we go on in life, we begin to find that there are insides also, and that we must turn up the lining, and look below, in order to ascertain the real characters of things.

Look along any respectable street in one of our large towns—how demure and unimpeachable all the houses appear! Go even into the inside, and be shown up to any of the drawing-rooms, how proper everything looks! You may ultimately be on visiting terms with the occupants, and dine with them several times, and still all will be smooth and fair. If there be, as often happens, some inmates of pleasing aspects and manners, the favorable impression will be deepened; and you will be apt to suppose that here there is no trace of those jars and cankers which afflict or have afflicted some other home with which you have become familiar. But, in truth, though in one sense you have been in the inside of the house, you are still on the outside of it. You have never yet penetrated below the hardened formal exterior which artificial manners and a wish for good standing with the world impose upon the family. You have only observed that all are well-bred, and converse pleasantly with each other, nd that there is no apparent lack of the ordinary comforts of life. And such is all that most of us know of each other who live in cities, and only make occasional visits according to invitation. In order to see the *real* inside of the house, it is necessary to eat in it, not perhaps a whole peck of salt, but at least no inconsiderable quantity, and that in the course of a domesticated residence. It is curious then to find little revelations of the real state of matters gradually breaking out. Perhaps the effect is only like that of subjecting the cheek of beauty to the microscope—coarseness found where all seemed of polished and waxen fairness. Perhaps real woes appear—darkened fortunes and keen apprehensions of future evil—irreconcileable discrepancies of temper in those whom no man can put asunder—bitter though not loud wailings over some member of the flock who seems irretrievably committed to a downward course. A few days may see the stranger who at first deemed all so fair and placid, made the reluctant confidant of parties who have deadly complaints to make of each other. But why peruse the whole catalogue of domestic vexations? Suffice it to know, that of such a nature are the things found in the *real insides* of many externally good-looking houses. How vain, then, for any one to envy another for an apparently happy home! In all probability, did he know the real character of that other home, he would gladly be contented with his own.

NOTHER ANGEL IN HEAVEN.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

We gathered fresh flowers, and wove them
In a wreath for the brow of the dead,
While the sunbeams fell with a holy light,
And around us their brilliance shed;
We parted the golden ringlets that
Were shading her brow so white;
And folded the lids that ne'er again
Would gaze on to-morrow's light.

Her delicate arms bewitchingly twined
In a kind of a half embrace,
And the smile of an angel seemed to shine
On her young and beautiful face;
And we who gazed could scarce believe
That the *jewel* had passed away,
And the form of beauty before us was naught
But the mouldering casket of clay.

We took her down to the old church-yard,
When the day was near its close,
And a weeping willow bent its form
O'er the place of her last repose;
And the zephyrs sung such a mournful tune,
As we laid her down to rest,
That a shadowy form akin to grief
Found a home within each breast.

We left her there in the quiet grave,
To a calm, unbroken sleep,
And we deemed it a sin to wish her back,
And a shameful wrong to weep;
For well we knew that the angel host
On their wings of beauty and light,
Would o'er her watch with the eyes of love,
As we breathed a gentle "good night."

Her life below was so short and brief,
That the things of earth will seem
To her new existence, as if they were
But a sweet and pleasant dream;
She will think she fell in a quiet sleep,
On a beautiful summer e'en,
To wake in the morning and find that earth
Was a glorious unchanging heaven.

BRIDGET MURPHY.

BY EMILIE J. MERIMAN.

She was the best girl in the block. As for looks—there were, perhaps, others with finer features and may be rosier cheeks; but take her all in all, from her clean, well-laced, sensible shoe, to her smoothly combed hair, she was also the best looking girl in the block.

Bridget was a Dublin girl; you could easily tell that by her fine eyes, dark hair and fair complexion. For there is a type of beauty, and marked in every class, in and around the old Irish capital, distinct and rarely equalled in the world. In their grace and spirituality there is something of the French, while in delicacy of limb and feature they resemble more the American women than their cousins just across the channel.

Bridget did general housework in the family of our neighbors across the way—the Treadwells. I went there frequently, and whether it was Monday morning or Saturday night, whenever the door was opened, I always saw her the same—respectful, well-mannered, smiling and tidy. And this humble servant girl gave me a higher idea of the true dignity of excellence than a score of those nice young ladies—be-decked, be-hooped, be-laced, be-ringed and be-*beaued*—that we find languishing in parlors, flirting under chandeliers, or promenading the streets. And I always felt happier after having looked into her face.

Bridget always dressed well, although Mrs. Treadwell told me, she sent her mother one half her wages regularly. Whatever she had was well chosen, both as to color and fabric. Two neat, small-figured calico dresses, worn alternately, were quite sufficient for every-day. They were always well ironed, and never frayed out around the bottom, nor dragging about slip-shod feet. Clean aprons of gingham or calico—or perhaps a white one in the afternoon or evening—with a white linen collar, completed her dress from one year's end to the other. The girls in the neighborhood laughed at her because she never wore hoops; but she always answered them good-naturedly by saying—"I never want to be caged till I find a mate to sing with; or, at least, till some one can keep me well." Then she declared (like some who live up stairs) she "never could see any beauty in them. And as for convenience—why, she'd be all tangled up in them and never be able to do a hand's turn o' work with the things about her."

How nicely she looked Sunday mornings when she went to church—which she never failed to do—with her little white chip bonnet, with its ribbon of her favorite color—green—put plainly across the top. And when she came home, if you looked closely you would see peeping from the leaves of her prayer-book a sprig of evergreen; or, if it was summer, a clover leaf, which she always called shamrock. Straws tell which way the wind blows; so by these little trifles one knew where Bridget's heart was.

But I am going to tell you all about Bridget Murphy, for she was a remarkable girl, inasmuch as every one who does their duty well and cheerfully is remarkable.

Her father, a poor farmer, died when she was fifteen years old, leaving his wife and two children to support themselves as best they could. This was a hard matter, as it had required the joint work of Bridget and her mother both to knit the forty pairs of socks, before the old man's death, to enable them to get through the year and give Dannie, who was two years older than Bridget, a little schooling. The lad never liked farming; so, full of determination—which is one half of success—he walked boldly into Dublin one day, and never ceased his importunities until he obtained a situation, where he could earn his living, besides saving a shilling for his mother every week. Bridget, too, was ambitious, and said to her mother—"I'll go to America and send you plenty of money." And she did.

What a happy day it was when the old ship, of one of the Liverpool lines, came up the Bay and landed them—a merry-hearted company—at Castle Garden.

Now, Bridget had a cousin—(you know they always have, and cannot help it)—a young married woman, in New York, to whom she found her way. But, alas, the snug little home she expected to find proved the miserable garret of a drunken husband, a broken-down wife and two helpless children. But Bridget was not disheartened, though her first bed in America was a hard one, and upon a garret floor. She cheered her cousin up wonderfully with her hopeful words and happy disposition.

When she landed she had £1 10s. 6d.—about $7.50—which seemed an enormous sum to her. Consulting her cousin Annie, who had lived with good families, and was a well-to-do girl until the unlucky day she married James Flaherty, she purchased and made two calico dresses, and at the end of a week presented herself at an intelligence office for a situation. She took her seat with the girls, and thought at first to be sociable, for there were many things she wished to ask about; but when to her honest questions they gave her ridicule and coarse jests, she betook herself to her embroidery, and mentally resolved that, if it could possibly be avoided, she would never enter an intelligence office again. And, in order to do this, she knew she must get a good situation—and keep it!

In the afternoon, as she was wondering why they called it an Intelligence Office, in came Mr. Servitude, the chief officer. Raising his hand to command silence, and taking a fatherly survey of the girls, his eye lighted upon Bridget, and beckoned her to follow him. She was startled; her face getting red, then white, in a moment, as she looked around and behind her to see if he had not meant some one else. Then a score of voices called out in loud whispers—"Take me," "I'll go;" and another score, looking at her, said—"It's you, greenhorn; why don't you go?" Bridget felt this to be a momentous epoch in her life as she timidly arose and followed the man out. She was a devout Catholic, and as she passed the door she crossed herself, silently imploring strength and success. A pretty looking, gayly dressed lady sat waiting to see her. Bridget took her place deferentially before her to be questioned. Taking a survey of the girl, the lady demanded—"What can you do?" The mind of the trembling girl ran hastily backward, and knowing she had always done whatever had been required of her, she replied—"Anything." The lady could not help smiling, for she was a good-natured person; but another woman, who sat near, and had also come for help, hearing the answer, said, with a taunt—"That's the way these Irish talk! They can do anything *here*, but when you get them home they don't know the first thing. And this is a greenhorn, and can do everything!"

The lady made no reply to this, but asked Bridget where she had lived. "I've never been to service at all ma'am; but I'm used to all kinds of work with my mother—only Cousin Annie says I'd better not try white bread, for you see we never used that kind, ma'am."

"Then you never did waiting?"

"Well—no, ma'am; but I could try, if, may be, you'd show me how the first time," modestly replied Bridget.

The lady asked no more questions, but told Mr. Servitude he might send her, remarking, as she finished her directions, in a low voice—"She's a nice looking girl, isn't she?"

Bridget sped to her cousin, to tell her of her good fortune in getting a place the first day, and rejoicing with her over the happiness the news would give her dear mother and Dannie. But poor Annie began to cry when she saw the young girl's joy, and said—"God help you, child!—but sorry's the day that ever took me from my mother!" And then the poor thing kissed her two babies, and went sadly about her garret-work.

Promptly at the hour specified—6 o'clock—Bridget stood at the door, and was let in by the lady herself, who said her waitress had left that morning. But the girl could scarcely speak or move, so overcome was she by the glitter and splendor around her. She had never seen the like before. And then such lovely daughters or sisters as the lady had, and all so finely dressed. She was soon installed in her new duties, the principle part of which was to wait upon the door. She was delighted; and thought they must be some very grand people to have so many calls. And so good-natured too—some of the gentlemen speaking to her as if they had seen her before.

It was ten o'clock that same evening; she was sitting in the little room at the farther end of the hall, back of the parlors, listening to the gay company within, who were laughing, singing and dancing. She thought it must certainly be a wedding, or perhaps a christening. As she was sitting thus, a young girl about her own age, only so beautiful and elegantly dressed, came suddenly and cautiously into the room, looking behind her as if afraid of being seen. Bridget arose as she entered, when the young lady came close to her and said, in a low, hurried manner—"I've watched an opportunity, and now I've got you alone! Don't speak! or tell for your life that I have spoken to you! But I couldn't bear it! You're a good, simple Irish lass, as I was once, and this is no place for you—you must not stay here!" Then before Bridget could breathe she whispered in her ear—"I send all the young ones away! and if you hope to save your soul, leave this house to-night!" And she fled through the door with a "Yes! yes! I'm coming!" to some one who was calling her. Bridget was stunned—bewildered! In vain she tried to collect her senses. She winked her eyes—turned her head to look into the glass to see if it was really herself. Then she thought of the past. Was she in America? Had she a Cousin Annie? Then the Intelligence Office—and the long happy day;—surely she was dreaming. Yes, she had been asleep—when crash! went a table with bottles and glasses in the parlor, which brought her to her senses. Then loud words, singing and music were all jumbled together; but through all she heard a terrible oath. A shudder ran through her, and she involuntarily uttered a "Hail Mary" as the truth began to dawn upon her; and with it, terror seized all her powers; and in vain she tried to move. She could only breathe, and with great difficulty. Her eyes could not turn from the horror-stricken image before them in the glass. Then the belief that she was under the influence of some dire witchcraft came over her. Had she not heard how thoughtless maidens had left their mothers and been worked upon by fairies, and dragged down to perdition? Yes; the spell was already upon her. Here suddenly the bell, which hung immediately over head, rang loudly. The spell was broken—she flew to open the door, and as she closed it she mentally resolved that the next time should be the last. She was on the point of rushing out then, but she thought of her other calico dress, bonnet and shawl, which she could not think of leaving. So she ran up stairs, tied her dress and bonnet in her shawl and dropped them out of a front window into the yard. Then flying down she opened the door, stepped out and closed it gently behind her. As she had descended the stairs she heard loud, angry words coming from the parlor, and as she stepped into the yard to pick up her bundle, the door opened. She thought they were after her, and crouched down in the shadow under the stoop. She heard a scuffle on the steps and a man's voice exclaiming—"I am robbed! watch! watch!" and then the crack of a pistol, and many feet flying from the house. In the tumult she leaped from her hiding-place and ran down the street—anywhere—only not towards that dreadful house. How welcome the great silent city seemed, and how innocently shone the street lamps to the poor frightened girl. How cool and fresh the air! Round and round she wandered, until daylight, when she asked a policeman, who showed her to her cousin's house.

Again she took her place in the intelligence office—wiser, saddened perhaps, but not discouraged by the lesson of a day. Acting upon Annie's advice, she told Mr. Servitude that she preferred general housework; and it was not long before she was duly installed *factotum* in Mr. Treadwell's family, which consisted of himself, wife, and three children. She felt somewhat older when she entered her second place, and certainly not that flush of happy expectation with which she had undertaken her first service. Mrs. Treadwell told her what to do, and how to do it; and at the end of a month she told her husband that housekeeping never seemed so easy before; and the whole family decided that they had never had such a girl as Bridget. The children never had any trouble down stairs; on the contrary, Bridget had taught Tommy to make balls, and Katie could make a bed as nicely as mamma; while little Susie thought she did all the family baking with her little "patty cakes." And the first letter sent "home" contained the happy intelligence that Bridget was in the finest family in all America, and getting six dollars a month—equal to twenty-four English shillings.

Two years had passed away. Bridget Murphy still kept her place, and was the same excellent, faithful girl as ever. But one Sunday morning, instead of the green ribbon across her bonnet, she wore a black one—straight and plain. There was no other change in her dress; that was sufficient. And although she could not "give a reason for the faith within" her, yet she felt somehow that it was not right to clothe oneself with a remonstrance against Heaven's decree when all the time she was glad poor Annie was dead! Broken-hearted, sick, half-starved, neglected and abused—what had she to live for? To be sure, her two children, like all others, needed a mother next to God; but with such a father their ruin was almost certain. Already had he sent little Nora, but four years old, with her little, uncertain feet, down the four flights of long, dark stairs to the low groggery for gin. And little "Tid," so fair and handsome, often carried the cruel bruises upon his soft limbs, made by the brutal blows of him they called "papa."

It was a sad day when Bridget carried the two wondering children to see their mother put in the ground; while he whose duty it was to mourn for her, and cherish them, lay up in the cold, deserted garret—drunk. But trouble, to a spirit like hers, only strengthened her; and then she was not alone, for Mr. and Mrs. Treadwell stood beside her and the little ones as they looked into the grave.

Flaherty had sunk too low to give her any trouble about the children; and in less than six months he died a pauper—of *delirium tremens*. No one wore black for him.

With the assistance of her friends, Bridget found a good place for little Tid, and Nora was placed under the care of "the Sisters."

Two years more passed away. Still Bridget was the pride of the Treadwells and the admiration of all the housekeepers, as well as the envy of all the changing girls in the neighborhood. What a treat it was to get a glimpse of her kitchen. It looked just like herself, so orderly and clean. And what was a marvel—she seemed to have spare time after doing all her work; and more than once have I seen her knitting by the white pine table on which lay a book she was reading.

It was summer time, and the family were in the country, while Bridget was left in charge of the house, which was to be painted throughout.

Patrick Flannagan was as good a lad, and had as red a head, as Tipperary ever sent over, and a painter by trade. Honest, temperate, industrious and intelligent, he fully understood that in this country, where the door of opportunity is open to all, it requires but a right and steady course to become a man and—citizen! happy and respected.

It was a proud day for Patrick when he received the papers that made him an American citizen!

And as he walked up the street—the great thoroughfare of wealth and business—his feet seemed to move without any volition of his, and the swelling of his great heart gave greater expanse to his broad chest, as his lips uttered the inspirations inherent in the very atmosphere—"home!" "free institutions!" "liberty!"

Then he began to ponder upon cause and effect; and somehow there crept into his *heart* a feeling of responsibility; for he was wise enough to know that in a free government like ours, the responsibility lay not in the august arm of the law, nor in a chosen few; but in the individual man. And if so, how was he to meet his share of it—for was he not one of them? Was he not to vote at the coming elections? What was necessary? Was it [illegible] That he knew he could get; for his [illegible] full confidence in his hand. There was [illegible] something else needed. Still he [illegible]. Ah, he has it—Intelligence—Education! He could read and write, and knew enough of figures and bookkeeping to keep his own accounts well balanced; but he was not satisfied with this. Consequently the two next Winters his evenings were spent in the Night Schools, with which New York is so worthily endowed. At his introduction in our story he not only did some of the best work in the city, but took charge of most of his employer's business—bookkeeping, buying, contracting, &c.; and it was he who was to do Mr. Treadwell's painting. He had many friends, although but few associates; for he had no time to waste upon them; as his days were all occupied in work and his evenings with his books and papers.

Patrick was now twenty-five years old, and felt that he could afford it and should like to marry, if he could but get the right kind of a wife. He naturally preferred one of his own countrywomen, and there were plenty of them, but alas, so few that would be both helpmate and companion for him; for it must be confessed, he had rather high notions about what a woman should be. He had upon one occasion fell quite in love with a pretty, good-natured girl, who was in the habit of passing his place of business every morning. She was free in her conversation and manners, for which he felt a little sorry, and therefore not difficult to become acquainted with. She always carried a sheet of music, and he understood that she gave music lessons for a livelihood. That was good; he was very fond of music, and had determined that his house should have a piano. But one day as he was painting on the sign of a large cloak establishment, he saw her coming out with a company of other girls. He was surprised, and asked one of the employers standing near, what that young girl was doing there? The gentleman replied that—"she works on cloaks, and could be one of the best of hands if she was a-mind, but all she cares for is the pay!" The truth flashed across Patrick's mind—*she was ashamed to work!* That was enough for him. He paid her no attention after that, but told her frankly that he discovered her deception, and that a cloakmaker was plenty good enough for him.

Now of course, my dear reader, you are going to have Patrick fall in love with Bridget, but as we do not believe half as much in "falling in love" as we do in *growing in love*, you shall know all about it. He had met and spoken to her several times while painting in the upper part of the house, but was not attracted towards her, until he observed that she was not at all attracted by him. Now this piqued his good nature, for he was accustomed to having the girls where he painted spend much time in laughing and joking with him. When he had noticed the clean condition of the woodwork, and when he came to the dining-room and kitchen, he could not fail to observe the tidy, nicely-kept closets, nor indeed, Bridget herself, who sat busily knitting, and happily singing. He was half vexed at her silence towards him, and for the first time in his life was at a loss what to say to an Irish girl. At last he broke out by asking what she was knitting, without the least curiosity in knowing.

"Socks for the soldiers," she replied. Patrick actually let his brush fall, so great was his surprise; and as he gazed at her in astonishment, he saw how pretty she looked, and really felt the twinge of a heart-string as he said: "For a sweet-heart I suppose."

"There you're mistaken," she good-naturedly replied. "You see I had plenty of spare time while the family's in the country, so I told my lady that if she'd find the yarn I'd knit it for the soldiers."

"You're not an American girl?" he asked.

"Indeed I'm not," she quickly answered, "Did you take me for one?"

That was the first opportunity she had given him for conversation, and he replied, while he painted the same spot over half a dozen times:

"No; but I can't quite understand why you knit for the soldiers."

Now the fact of the business was, Patrick had ached to go into the army ever since the war began, and could have had a fine position in the "Excelsior Brigade," but his employer had so urged him to remain, and advanced his wages without his asking, that he had consented to remain, for the present. But his whole heart was in the war.

"Well," replied Bridget, with earnestness, as she turned, looking him full in the face, fully determined that her sentiments should not be mistaken, "It's very little I can do, but I'll do all I can, to keep the poor fellows comfortable, while they fight for the good that the likes of us come to this country to enjoy!"

Her cheeks glowed and her eyes flashed with earnestness. Patrick stood a moment regarding her with dumb surprise; then stepping forward, changing his brush into his left hand, he asked:

"What's your name?"

"Bridget," she replied.

"Good! that's the best name in all Ireland! It was my mother's name; and now, Bridget, give us your hand on the sock and soldier question! Them's my sentiments exactly!"

When Patrick left the house that night he said:

"Well, Bridget, suppose I go to war—will you knit socks for me?"

The girl readily replied:

"That I will!—and shall I begin now?"

That evening, as he sat reading the paper, he wrote "Bridget Murphy" several times on the white margin; and the next—he was sorry that Mr. Treadwell's house was so nearly finished. And the next day he "took notes," and here they are:

"No dirt in corners. No dust under beds. Closets all in order. No finger prints on his paint. No dish-cloths lying around loose. No ashes scattered around the back yard. Cinders all burnt. Shoes well laced up. Dress clean. Hair combed. Industrious. Intelligent." Conclusion—"Just the nicest girl that ever was seen."

Patrick Flannagan was a man, and did things in a manly way. And when the Treadwells returned he presented himself at their house and asked for Mrs. Treadwell. That lady descended into the parlor, where she found a fine, genteel looking young man, who stood, hat in hand, and said as she entered:

"Is this Mrs. Treadwell?"

Being answered in the affirmative, he proceeded:

"My name is Flannagan. I did your painting while you were away——"

"Ah? yes, it's my husband you wish to see,—have you the bill?"

"No, ma'am, it's yourself I wish to see, and not about the painting, but—but about Bridget!"

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Treadwell, "are you Bridget's brother? I know she expected him soon."

"No, ma'am," answered Patrick, bravely; "I am not her brother, but I should like to be her husband!"

Mrs. Treadwell dropped into a chair exclaiming:

"Our Bridget?—why she never had a beau in her life. She has been with us nearly five years, and is the best girl in the world!"

"Yes, ma'am—I expected to hear all that, and [illegible] reason I have come to-day to [illegible] what she hadn't the [illegible] you herself! We are engaged, and await your convenience to marry!"

About a month after that there was a wedding in St. Peter's church, and the bride—all dressed in white—was Bridget Murphy.

And if you will look in Sixth Avenue, about three doors from the corner, you will see, over the large door and window—"Patrick Flannagan, House and Sign Painter." And if you enter and look up stairs, you will see *her*—happy and busy about her neat apartments. And there is a nice-looking, elderly woman with a baby in her arms—it is her mother. And the baby—has Patrick's hair but Bridget's eyes!

PICTURES.

A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls and nothing on them; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing, or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful, and perhaps, Idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Is it winter in your world?—perhaps it is summer in the picture; what a charming momentary change and contrast! And thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF TEA.

The beneficial results of the introduction of tea and coffee have been strangely overlooked or underrated. It has been, however, well described as leading "to the most wonderful change that has ever took place in the diet of modern civilized nations—a change highly important both in a moral and physical point of view. These beverages have the admirable advantage of affording stimulus without producing intoxication, or any of its evil consequences. Lovers of tea and coffee are, in fact, rarely drinkers; and hence the use of these beverages has benefited both manners and morals. Raynal observes, that the use of tea has contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese than the severest laws, the most eloquent discourses, or the best treatises on morality." Tea is so little drunk in Germany that it acts like medicine when taken by a native; and persons decline a cup of good bohea, with "No, I thank you; I am quite well at present."

—Antiquity attributed *divine* honors to the inventors of the arts, and *heroic* honors to mere legislators and founders of empires. So alive were they to the greatest merit.

—There are many hours in every man's life which are not spent in anything important; but it is necessary that they should not be passed idly.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER.
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Shakespeare, in the construction of his dramas, is not a very nice observer of the unities. He extends time and varies place as his convenience requires. To vary the time and place is not, in our opinion, any violation of nature, if the change is made between the acts; for it is no less easy for the spectator to suppose himself at Athens in the second act than at Thebes in the first.

That will is not stoicism which rules merely over internal *malefactors*, or *knaves*, or *prisoners of war*, or *children*, but is a genially energetic spirit, that binds the healthy *savages* of our bosoms and says more royally to itself, than the Spanish Regent to others, "I the King."

A spirit, naturally three-edged, sharp, and brightly polished, has, in youth, wild energies, for whose play only a battle-field or a kingdom would be roomy enough, as little power of motion in high life as a sea-monster in a harbor.

What often seems vengeance is merely the determined, soldier-like tread wherewith a man, who can never flee or fear, but only knows how to advance and stand his ground, tramples down larks' eggs and ears of corn.

Anywhere, everywhere, a man can be a man. That question of ages is the age-answer—is to be the age-fact. Some seek it wisely. Some spell it painfully. Some falter at it tediously. Some hiss it feebly. But the age shall pronounce it presently aloud.

Our immediate future demands thought; our earth is filled with gunpowder—like the age of the migration of nations, ours prepares itself for spiritual and political migrations, and, under all state buildings, temples, and institutions, the earth quakes.

Sensibility is like the stars, that can lead one only when the sky is clear. *Reason* is the magnetic needle that guides the ship when they are wrapt in darkness.

We all grieve for our friends as if there were no better *yonder*, and for ourselves as if there were no better *here*, for all our passions are, by birth, atheists and unbelievers.

Whence get you, dear women, the bad habit, that, when a husband returns home, laden with good news and presents, you show an insufferable indifference to his load!

The essence of everything Godlike in this world is the veneration done to Human Worth by the hearts of men.

Men, deserted by their wives, like women deserted by their lovers, often flatter themselves that they have deserted *them*.

There are Colt's repeaters, and Elliott's repeaters, but our public lecturers are the greatest repeaters ever invented.

Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

Fancy fluttered and shuddered, through the material, beyond, beyond,—and so Poetry awoke.

A man's belief gains infinitely the moment he can convince another mind thereof.

In prosperity, prepare for a change; in adversity, hope for one.

Proverbs, like the sacred books of every nation, are the sanctuary of its institutions.

A person's assertion, perhaps lightly uttered, is often solemnly supported.

The shrewdest reasoners are often the most unreasonable.

For every vice or virtue a man exhibits, he generally gets credit or discredit for a whole brood.

Men would much rather have their opinions questioned than their tastes.

Men are as often valiant from vanity as from valor.

Many a woman would rather have a tubercle in her lungs than a pimple on her nose.

Very often, expedients are very inexpedient.

Facts are often ugly things, but falsehoods are always uglier.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A gentleman living in Thirty-fourth street, happening to awake about midnight, one night re-[illegible] heard a noise;" and getting noiselessly out of bed he crept to the door of his chamber, which he [illegible] much to his surprise, as he always locked it on retiring. He [illegible] and at last became satisfied that the noise proceeded from a closet in an adjoining room, where things worth stealing were kept. Being brave, he crept into the suspected room and faintly saw some one fumbling in one of the drawers of the closet. He at once sprang upon the unknown, who uttered a loud scream and fell fainting at his feet. He recognized the voice of his wife in the scream, and at once set about restoring her to consciousness. This having been done, she gave him a thorough scolding for "frightening a body out of her wits, as she was looking for the tooth-ache drops," but forgave him at last when she discovered that the fright had cured her tooth-ache.

The Idaho gold fever is reported to be raging fearfully in some of the communities west of the Mississippi. In some places, all the able-bodied citizens, especially those who are subject to the draft, are said to be carried away with it. Marvellous accounts of the richness of the newly-discovered mines are circulated; and scores of swindling concerns have sprung up, which, under the pretense of forming mining companies that are to pay stockholders from five hundred to five thousand per cent. from the start, are gathering in much spoil from those green and greedy people whose avarice is too strong for their judgment and conscience. Let our readers beware of all offers of "certain fortunes without risk" by gold-mining or any other companies.

A young lad, living in Williamsburg, had one of his eyes put out, a few days since, by a blow from a stone thrown by another boy, during a fight between two gangs of boys, who have for some time infested portions of that place. These gangs are said to number about one hundred boys each, ranging from eight to sixteen years of age; and, according to accounts of persons living in the neighborhoods infested by them, they sometimes render the streets impassible for peaceable people while their fights are going on, by reason of the stones, brickbats, and other missiles which they hurl at each other. We should think that a squad of policemen might find fitting employment in hunting down these young barbarians.

A thief was caught coming out of a house in Madison avenue, one forenoon lately, with an overcoat and a fur victorine, worth about eighty-five dollars. He was seized by the servant man who caught him, and held till an officer, who had been sent for, came up and took him in custody. It seems that the rogue went to the basement door on a pretended errand, and "stept inside while the servant girl took his message to the mistress;" and as soon as the girl disappeared, he ran up the basement stairs into the hall, grabbed what he could find, made his egress at the front door, and was making off, when the opportune arrival of the man-servant frustrated his intentions.

Sophronia Pelford, a girl about nineteen years old, who superintended a number of sewing machines for a manufacturer in this city, got the thumb of her left hand caught under the needle of one of the machines, and in a moment the needle pierced her thumb through and through many times, passing twice through the forward joint. The unfortunate girl fainted with pain and fright, and lockjaw setting in, in the course of the day, it was feared that she would not recover, but after a couple of days the physician got the better of her ailments, and at last accounts she was considered out of danger.

A butcher fell overboard from a Fulton ferryboat the other day, as it was entering a slip on the Brooklyn side of the river. He was rescued by the deck hands of the boat, and found to be rather badly injured on the head, the injury arising from a severe blow, received as he fell, by coming in contact with the bridge.

A man fell from the top of an omnibus in Broadway, one evening recently, just at dusk, and striking upon his head on the pavement, was fatally injured.

An aged lady was run over by a grocer's wagon, in Canal street, one afternoon lately, knocked down, and her left arm broken. The driver was arrested.

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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SPAIN UNDER THE BARBARIANS.

[NUMBER FOUR.]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

The history of this world is an awful tragedy. Take what nation you may, the record of its career is but a narrative of wars, pestilence and woe. The history of Spain is not peculiar in this respect. Under the native tribes, under the Carthagenians, under the Romans, this province was but one wide battle field crimsoned with blood. In the year of our Lord 260, to add to the woes then surging over Spain, there commenced a flood of foreign invasion. Barbaric tribes from the wilds of Germany, fierce as wolves, came sweeping through Gaul and clambering through the defiles of the Pyrenees, ravaged the peninsula with the most savage mercilessness. They trampled down the crops and burned cities and villages. The wretched inhabitants of the desolated country were exposed to every outrage which the imagination can conceive. For twelve years this inundation of woe rolled over Spain almost unchecked.

The wretched Roman empire was at this time distracted by the conflicts of no less than thirty pretenders to the throne, and anarchy reigned throughout the then known world. At length an energetic Roman governor [illegible] extended his sway over both Spain and Gaul, arrested the barbaric flood [illegible] in another direction. But so dreadful had been the ravages of these savage hosts that the ruin they left behind them was not obliterated by one hundred and fifty years of succeeding peace.

The introduction of Christianity into Spain is lost in the obscurity of the past. It is, however, certain that in the early periods of the second century Christian churches were established in the peninsula and that the flames of martyrdom had also been kindled there. The martyrdom of Fructuosus, bishop of the church of Tarragona during the reign of Gallienus, is well authenticated. The emperor issued a decree, commanding the Christians, under penalty of death, to sacrifice to the Roman gods. Fructuosus paid no regard to the decree, and was consequently dragged before Emilianus, then the Roman governor of Spain.

"Art thou acquainted," inquired Emilianus, "with the decree of the emperor?"

"What is that decree?" inquired Fructuosus.

"That thou must sacrifice to the Gods of Rome," was the answer.

"I adore one God only," Fructuosus replied, "our Heavenly Father, who has created Heaven and earth."

"Art thou ignorant, then, that there are many Gods?" responded the governor.

"I am," was the meek reply of the bishop.

The soldiers were commanded immediately to seize him, bind him hand and foot, and lead him to the stake. He was seated upon a vast combustible pile, which was prepared to burst into flame at the touch of the torch. Looking around upon his weeping friends, he said:

"My brethren, fear not that you will ever want for pastors. God will never forsake you. Weep not for me. These pangs will soon be over, and I shall enter those joyful realms to which martyrdom conducts me."

As the flames wreathed around him, consuming the cords with which he was bound, he kneeled amidst the glowing fire, apparently as tranquil as if in his own closet, and with clasped hands and breathing a fervent prayer, passed away to the martyr's crown.

During the reign of the Roman Emperor Diocletian the fires of persecution blazed throughout the whole Spanish peninsula. Sometimes hundreds perished together. The governor of the populous city of Saragossa, weary of hunting out Christians and executing them one by one, issued a decree that if the Christians would abandon the city and meet at an appointed place outside of the walls, he would pardon them all, and assign them lands where they might build a city and live by themselves and enjoy their religion unmolested. Trusting to the honor of the governor, a great multitude of Christians—men, women and children—issued from the gates. He then treacherously fell upon them, with soldiers held in ambuscade, and every individual was massacred.

As corruption sapped the foundations of the Roman empire, the northern barbarians became more bold in their assaults, and wave after wave of invasion rolled over the provinces of southern Europe. In many of the localities the barbaric tribes established themselves permanently under their bold and sagacious chieftains. During the whole of the fifth century Spain was the battle ground, where the savage nations of the earth met and struggled for the ascendency. In the early part of the century three Germanic nations—the Suevi, the Alans and the Vandals—came rushing over the Pyrenees, and, after perpetrating every imaginable enormity upon the native inhabitants, took possession of the country and divided it between them.

But soon there came another barbaric nation from the North—the Goths—more powerful than the three tribes united which had preceded them. They commenced a desperate struggle to wrest Spain from its conquerors, and to appropriate it to themselves. Many campaigns of blood and woe ensued, with conflagrations, massacres, murders and violence, which could not have been exceeded had the combattants been demons instead of men. In the progress of this war the nation of the Alans were annihilated. Still the war continued, with occasional lulls, the Goths gradually gaining ground, until finally the Vandals abandoned the country, and crossed the straits into Africa. A fierce and cruel horde of 80,000 souls, sweeping terror before them and destruction behind them, advanced along a path such as the tornado makes.

The Suevi and the Goths were now left alone in Spain to struggle for the supremacy. It is true that there were some slight lingerings still of Roman power in portions of the peninsula, but so slight as scarcely to deserve notice. In a series of campaigns, extending through ten years, the Suevi gradually attained the entire ascendency. But they were not permitted long to enjoy their triumph. Another contestant suddenly appeared upon the bloody arena, as the war cry of the Huns resounded through the defiles of the mountains, and roused anew the clamor of battle. Suevi and Hun now rushed upon each other with gory clubs and bit the dust together. But again, in the midst of these scenes of demoniac crimes and woe, the banners of another host are seen hurrying to the battle. The Hemli landed from their boats upon the coasts of Calabria, and plunged into the thickest of the fight. As wolves madly struggle over the bones which they have already gnawed bare of all their flesh, so did barbarian contend with barbarian over the skeleton remains of miserable Spain. There was no longer any law in the land. Spain had become barbaric. Robbery, violence, murder devastated the land from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar's rock.

About the year of our Lord 466, Euric, at the head of an immense Gothic force, descended from Gaul upon Spain, and soon succeeded in bringing the whole realm into subjection to his sway. The Suevi were driven into the Southwest portion of the kingdom, where they were permitted to live in peace as the vassals of the conqueror. Euric, surrounded by his invincible warriors, was now recognized as the founder of the Gothic kingdom there. The emperor, at Rome, Julius Nepos, was glad to make peace with this warlike and triumphant sovereign, by surrendering to him not only Spain, but the whole country beyond the Alps. Thus France, then called Gaul, and Spain became one Gothic empire under Euric, more powerful then than decaying Rome itself.

Euric established the capital of his empire at Arles in Gaul, on the Rhone, about thirty miles from its mouth. The Roman sway had now disappeared from those realms forever. Thus what was called the Gothic kingdom was founded and consolidated in Spain. All the remnants of the various tribes who had inundated the country were gradually blended with the native inhabitants into a homogeneous people. Euric appears to have been a man of much intelligence, and vigorously he commenced the work of restoring his vast realms to order. He established the famous code of Gothic law, still known as the Fonem Judicum. He was nominally a Christian, though he adopted the Arian doctrine respecting the character of Christ, and mercilessly persecuted those who avowed the Trinitarian faith. Euric died at Arles in the year 483, and his son Alaric was chosen by the war-worn chieftains to succeed him upon the throne.

Alaric was unable to [illegible] sword had won. Clovis [illegible] at the head of [illegible] his warlike Franks. Alaric was slain, and his armies dispersed, and Gensealic succeeded to the tottering Gothic throne. The Ostrogoths had now taken possession of Italy. Theodoric, their king, with his fierce legions, swept like a whirlwind over Spain, and thus the smouldering, war-scathed peninsula, again became but an Italian province.

WOMEN'S WORK.

Plans for bettering the social condition of women are as plenty as blackberries; but their practical results, so far, have not been satisfactory. A few lady reformers, some of them eloquent speakers and all thoroughly in earnest, aided by a dozen or so of amiable enthusiasts of the other gender, have labored hard for many years to do away with the existing social relations of the sexes, and to render the weaker entirely independent of the stronger. If they have not succeeded it was because nature was against them. Women, in the aggregate, do not relish being taken out of their especial sphere. The strong-minded sisters who conceive it to be their mission to rescue womankind from a state of dependence, are exceptional, not typical specimens of the wives and daughters of the land. The majority do not wish to be rescued; but, on the contrary, are simple enough to believe that woman's natural and most honorable and graceful position in society is as the companion, the comforter, the affectionate friend and helpmeet of man—the mother of the generations that shall be—the housekeeper of the generation that is.

There is certainly no reason why young ladies should not set type, transmit telegrams, act as amanuenses, secretaries, saleswomen and bookkeepers, and engage in many other occupations and callings suitable to their strength, if they list. But it should be remembered that they cannot pursue these employments and at the same time acquire the domestic knowledge requisite for the economical management of a household; and as almost every girl looks forward to a time when some favored *he* will be dependent upon her for his home comforts and the judicious application of his means to the wants of a family, the result is that many weak-minded young maidens think it better to fit themselves for wives and mothers than for solitary independence.

With strong-minded, man-despising ladies the case is different. Every facility should be afforded them to become the architects of their own fortunes. Let them by all means be aided to reach a position where the moral grandeur of their nature may display itself in keeping the masculine monster at arms-length, without prejudice to their pecuniary interests. But as printing, telegraphing, buying and selling goods, book-keeping by double entry, and the like, are entirely useless as family accomplishments, we respectfully counsel all connubially-inclined spinsters who are not compelled to enter the business arena for a living, to be satisfied with making themselves perfect in the household arts, and leave the busy world for the "roughs" of the race to bustle in. The art of making home comfortable, and of preparing the thousand and one cheap luxuries which cannot be had at any price elsewhere, require more talent than to stick type, or click the telegraph, or "drum" merchandize, or keep books. If any young lady supposes that it is beneath the dignity of a gentlewoman to attend to such matters, we would whisper in her ear that the Misses Guelph of England have each their kitchen, where they practice cooking and confectionery in all their various branches; that they knead bread, churn butter, and make cheese; and that their mother, Victoria Guelph, commonly called the Queen, was, up to the time of her husband's death, her own housekeeper, and paid daily visits to her larder, kitchen, pantry, confectionery and still room, whenever sojourning at Windsor Castle.

NEW YORK CROWDED.

If the census of the City of New York could be taken to-day the increase in its population since the last count would astonish many of us. Hither, as to the great centre of trade and speculation, have flocked during the last six months a multitude of people from all points of the compass. The Hegira from the South since the commencement of the present year has been continuous, and New York has been the principal goal of the fugitives. As rats desert a sinking ship, thousands of the sometime adherents of Jeff. Davis, gathering up the wreck of their property, have fled from the wrath to come, take the oath of allegiance, and become, ostensibly at least, friends of the Union. From the border States of the South especially, where the facilities for escape are greater than in the bowels of the land, the exodus has been tremendous. The wholesale system of confiscation and conscription inaugurated by the rebel government, and which is being carried out by force of arms and under an universal suspension of the writ of Habeas Corpus, is creating a general and urgent desire among that portion of the Southern community that has not yet been skinned to the quick, to return to the arms of Uncle Sam. The rebel authorities do their best to keep these valuable citizens from breaking out of bounds, but in spite of the utmost vigilance of the government, crowds of them make their way North, carrying with them considerable amounts of "portable property" of which the rebel exchequer is violently in need.

It is said that there are one hundred and fifty thousand Southern refugees now in this city, and the estimate is probably not far from the mark. Add to this number the shoals of speculators from other quarters who have come here to gamble in stocks and gold, and we may fairly put down the number of strangers within our gates at two hundred thousand. The consequence of this sudden and vast addition to our census is that all the hotels and boarding-houses in the city are full to overflowing, that rents have gone up from thirty to fifty per cent., and that a furnished attic in any public or private caravansary is worth nearly as much per week, now, as a handsome second floor room would have brought a year ago. This is a hard case for people with small incomes, but there is no help for it. The law which regulates the pecuniary relations of demand and supply is inexorable, and there is no alternative but to submit or flee to the rural districts. Capital will no doubt remedy the difficulty as soon as possible by "running up" new buildings by the score, and as this work can be executed in New York with almost Aladdin-like dispatch, there will probably be plenty of shelter for all comers by this time next year. Meanwhile families with limited means must economize to meet the exigency. Gentlemen with moderate salaries must forego their usual indulgences down town, and their wives and daughters will do well to put a restraint upon their sumptuary tastes in the matter of dress. The exercise of a rational economy will enable many who talk despairingly about exorbitant rents and the rise in prices, to "worry" through the crisis without any serious curtailment of their *real* comforts.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

[illegible] man who was "not for a [illegible] for all [illegible] present the theme of innumerable pens. On the 23d of April next, three hundred years will have elapsed since Shakspeare first saw the light. On the same day of the same month, fifty-two years after that event, his spirit quitted the world, leaving to mankind as a perpetual legacy, the most wonderful works of genius that are to be found in the literature of any language. The Three Hundredth anniversary of his birth is to be observed in many parts of Europe with extraordinary pomp and circumstance. Preparations are being made in Germany and France for its appropriate celebration, and if the snobbish quarrel among the members of the Shakspeare Memorial Committee in Great Britain be patched up in season, something will probably be done by the "Nation of Shopkeepers" in honor of him whose dust belongs to England, but whose writings are the common property of the civilized world.

As the years roll on Shakspeare becomes dearer to all who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Instead of leaving him farther and farther off in the dim past, each successive generation seems to draw nearer to him, to know and understand him better than its predecessor. The truth is that he was so far in advance of the era in which he lived, that even in the lapse of two and a half centuries the world has not overtaken him. As for the Shakspearean Commentators, they have only darkened counsel. The less we look through their smoky glasses the more clearly our hearts and heads discern the beauties of the bard. It is amazing that such a prodigy should have lived and died in England, in the Augustan age of the kingdom, without even a passing notice from the historians of the period. We know all about Burleigh, Walsingham and Sidney, but from the fragmentary details of the life of Shakspeare that have come down to us, it has been impossible to construct anything worthy of the name of a biography. There has been plenty of plausible fictions on the subject, for the public for a century past, has been ravenous for anecdotes of Shakspeare; but all the authentic data is comprised in a few pages. We have the testimony of Ben Jonson that he was of a loveable nature; of Aubrey that he was of "a verie smooth and ready wit;" and all who addressed him seem to have uniformly connected his name with the epithets "worthy," "gentle," "well beloved." His will goes to show that he was a just, affectionate and pious man, and if the Chandos portrait, and not the bust over his monument at Stratford, is to be taken as a faithful presentment of his features, he must have been a singularly noble looking person. Still there is no proof that either of the two is an authentic likeness, and our ideas of his personal appearance are mere guesswork. No matter—we have a fac simile of the immortal part of him in his works.

It is intended, we believe, to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the Great Poet's birth in this city, but the mode of doing so has not yet been determined upon.

—Whatever the New York Legislature may do concerning our Police Commissioners, we hope that Messrs. Acton and Bergen will be retained in the position which they have so long and so creditably occupied. The city cannot well spare their services.

—Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so, because they are the very ones he needs.

ANOTHER ODE TO GIDEON.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

Oh! Gideon!—still in vain
Is all the nation's pain;
In vain each lip is curled
With scorn that you are sleeping in your chair,
When all the breathing world
(Except yourself) are wide-awake with care!

II.

O Gideon!—don't you see
There's not a decent plea
To vindicate your ways?
E'en Honest Abraham's unusual use
Of that "web-footed" phrase,
Most clearly meant, "My Gideon's a *goose!*"

III.

Perhaps you are inclined
To think us all resigned,
O dummy of the Sea,
To what our patience sullenly endures,
But, Gideon, there can be
No "resignation" until after *your's!*

IV.

Perhaps the President
(God knows!) has merely meant
Our laughter to provoke,
And keeps you in the office that you hold
Just for a joke!—
If so, by Jove!—'tis getting rather old!

V.

Well, Gideon!—there's a way
Young fellows, just for play,
Sometimes, at school, employ
To give a chap an unexpected slide;
When but a little boy
Perhaps, O Gideon, you have seen it tried.

VI.

You recollect the feat?
To push you from your seat
A strong invading force
To the whole line a sudden shove would lend—
And, first of all, of course,
Off went the biggest booby at the end!

CHASED BY WOLVES.

It was a wild scene in Bohemia, along the base of the Erzgebirge mountains and on the banks of the frozen Eger. It was mid-winter, and the snow lay deep upon the ground, but so hardly congealed that the sharp, iron shoes of our swift-going beast scarcely did more than indent it, and flake it up with a crispy sound, and the polished steel runners left two narrow, burnished tracks behind us. The descending sun glinted askant, with a pale, cold look, and with no more seeming warmth in his rays than in those of the moon.

"How far now to Carlshad?" I said to the driver, with nearly my whole face muffled up in furs.

"A matter of four leagues it may be," he answered.

"At this rate, then, how much longer on the road?"

"Two hours."

"The sun is about that high."

"We shall enter the town at early candle-light."

"Provided we meet with no accident, Jules!"

"Always so provided, your honor!"

On we went, up hill and down, the merry bells ringing clearly in the frosty air.

At length we reached and slowly ascended a long, steep elevation, whose descent, by a narrow, winding road, or path, led down again to the banks of the frozen Eger, along here and there precipitous ledges, over which a chance slide might be fatal.

"Have a care, Jules," I said, warningly, "or we may never see Carslhad!"

"Never fear, your honor! I've been over this route many a time without accident!" was his confident reply.

He said "never fear," but soon after, his horse shied, without [illegible], slipped, and plunged madly down a dangerous declivity to the right, but fortunately not a precipice. A car, going with the velocity of its own momentum down an inclined plane, would convey some idea of our speed. Jules exerted all his strength and skill to check the flying beast—but the horse could not have stopped himself before reaching the foot of the hill. As it was, he plunged on for a quarter of a mile further, and then slipped and fell and broke his harness badly. We had received no injury, which was wonderful, considering the danger we had run of being upset, or dashed against some of the trees that we had passed so close as to graze the bark.

"Here's an unfortunate situation!" said Jules.

"Thank God that we have come to a halt at last with all our bones whole!" said I.

There was no use in considering, debating, or complaining; we both saw exactly what we had to do, and who had to do it; and so we both went to work with a will.

When we at last reached the highway again, all safe and ready to resume our journey, the sun was down, and the gloom of twilight was upon us.

"How far now, Jules?"

"Two leagues, sir!"

"Which, in our present condition, is equal to what three would have been before the accident."

"I think so, your honor!"

I had just taken my seat again in the vehicle, and Jules had just gathered up the reins for a fresh start, when a solitary, distant, dismal howl was borne to our ears.

"Ha! do you hear that?" cried Jules.

"I do!" said I, with a shudder.

"May God be merciful to us this night!" ejaculated the driver, as he started the horse forward, but with a caution that showed how much he feared a sudden strain upon the harness, on which, it might be, our very lives depended.

To understand our feelings, as we breathlessly listened for an answer to that solitary call, it must be known that the wolves of that region were large, strong, daring and ferocious, and, at such a season of the year, with the ground covered deep with snow, were often sufficiently maddened with hunger to attack any living thing, either man or beast, more especially when collected together in formidable numbers. The single howl we had heard was the night-call of some lonely beast to his distant and scattered companions; and just in proportion to the number of these calls and replies, and the distance of the animals from us, was the danger we had to fear.

For perhaps a minute after the first call we heard no answer; and we were just beginning to hope that none would be given, when another dismal howl, in a different direction, fell upon our ears. This was quickly followed by another and another, and then by not less than a dozen, on all sides of us, some of them so near as to startle our horse, which raised his head, with a terrified snort, looked timidly to the right and left, and then sprung forward at a gallop.

"Let him go! it may be our only chance!" I said to Jules, feeling my hair rise with horror.

"It won't save us!" returned the latter, despairingly. "If the beast were free from his traces he couldn't outrun these hungry devils, which are fast gathering upon us before and behind."

"But as yet they may know nothing of us!" I said, encouragingly, though very far from entertaining any such happy belief myself.

"Why, then, look there! and there!" cried Jules, pointing with his whip, first to the right and then to the left.

I did look and a cold sweat seemed to start through every pore, as, in either direction, I perceived an undulating shadow moving rapidly over the now star-lighted snow, at an angle calculated to reach us at some unknown point ahead. Almost at the same moment, too, I heard some yelps behind; and, looking back, I beheld another small body of the furious animals in the road, even nearer to us than the others, coming forward like a pack of hounds in full chase.

"Merciful God!" I cried; "are we doomed to die in this manner! Faster! Jules—faster!—put the horse to his utmost!—it is our only chance!"

"Don't you see he's doing his best, your honor? and that he can't gain an inch on these devils?"

It was true; our gallant horse, as frightened as ourselves, was already on a dead run, bounding us over the frozen snow at a terrific and dangerous rate. And yet to what purpose? Slowly, but steadily, the two undulating shadows, to the right and left, were closing in to the central line; and the yelping crew behind had gained on us a little, and might have come up to us at once, only that the natural cowardice of the brutes kept them at a respectful distance while their numbers were so comparatively few.

"How far now to Carlshad, Jules?"

"More than a league, sir!"

"Shall we ever reach it?"

"Heaven knows! If the horse can hold out, if the harness don't break, if the cutter don't upset, and if the brutes don't attack us, there's a chance."

"Is there no place on the way where we can stop? no dwelling, barn, stable, or hut, that we can take refuge in?"

"There's a hut about a mile ahead, but how can we get into it? The moment we stop, these wolves will be upon us, and thirty seconds would be long enough for them to tear us to pieces and devour us!"

"We must put our sole trust in God, then!" I groaned.

"Yes, your honor, that is all that we can do!"

Suddenly Jules, who had been sitting in silence, holding the reigns of the running horse with the same apparent firmness as if driving on a race-course, partly turned his head, and exclaimed:

"Quick! quick! your honor—have you a strong, sharp knife?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Quick, then! in Heaven's name!—quick! quick!—give it me! give it me!—another minute will be too late!"

I tore off my glove, whirled back the skins, furs and outer garments, thrust my hand into a pocket, and brought forth a long, Spanish clasp-knife, which opened with a spring.

"Here! Jules—here!"

He took it, with a deliberation his excited words had not led me to expect; and then, turning his eyes toward Heaven, said, solemnly:

"May God smile upon the design! It seems our only hope!"

"Jules," I cried, with a shudder, catching him by the arm, "surely you are not meditating self-destruction?"

"No, no, no, your honor! but a plan to save us both, with God's help! Here—quick! take the reins! take the reins!"

I did so mechanically, but amazed and mystified. Instantly Jules leaned forward over the front of the sleigh, and for a few moments seemed hard at work. Then starting up suddenly, he cut the reins with a single stroke of his knife, and at the same time struck the flying horse a smart blow with his whip. Before I had time to ask what all this meant, I comprehended what had been done. He had cut the traces, the horse was leaving us, and we were running by our own momentum.

"It [illegible] only chance," said Jules, pointing to the hut just before us, about opposite of which I judged the still fast-moving sleigh would stop. "Had we passed that, I fear there wouldn't have been any hope."

"And what hope now?" I cried, in despair, as I heard the angry wolves all around us, and saw their fiery eyes in every direction.

"You see!" replied Jules, with a wild, hysterical laugh: "you see, don't you? they're passing us, to the right and left, in full chase of the flying horse, which they'll catch and destroy before they'll come back for us!"

It was true, and God be praised it was true! They were passing us, to the right and left; and in less than half-a-minute the hindmost was ahead of us, and the whole yelling pack was in eager chase of the noble beast that had done his best to save us.

"Quick, your honor!" he exclaimed; "now's our only chance; they'll soon be back here; we must get shelter in this hut while we can."

Waiting only to be certain that no prowler was near us, we gathered up all our loose coverings, and ran for our lives to the shanty. It was old and untenanted, and the front door was fast. This was a terrible shock to our hopes. We ran to the rear door. Gracious Heaven! that was fast also.

"We *must* get in!" I fairly screamed.

"That window!" said Jules, hurriedly; "if I could only reach it!"

"Here! mount upon my shoulders."

He did so; and the next minute he sent it in with a crash, and threw his body into the aperture. As he shortly disappeared inside, leaving me standing without, my ears were assailed with a wild, shrieking yell, that made my blood curdle. I knew what it was—our poor horse was already in the clutches of its rapacious foes.

"Quick! Jules—for the love of God!" I cried.

He extended his hands, I seized them, and in a few seconds more I was safe inside. I kneeled down, and thanked God for our deliverance from almost certain death, and wept for joy.

Ten minutes later, the still hungry beasts were howling all around us—but we were not destined to be their victims.

The next day we related our wonderful adventures to astonished groups in Carlshad.

BRAWLING IN BETHLEHEM.

On Christmas day, in Bethlehem, in the grotto where the Prince of Peace is said to have lain in a manger, one would think that men calling themselves Christians, and assembled for Christian worship, would at least behave with common decency. But the Greeks and the Latins who have charge of the Holy Places of Jerusalem and its vicinity, hate each other, it seems, more heartily than they love the faith to which they profess to belong. On Christmas day last, according to letters from the Holy Land, the birth place of the Saviour was the scene of a scandalous and bloody riot. The Latin Patriarch and his clergy were celebrating high mass in the cave of the Nativity, when the Superior of the Greek convent complained that they were occupying the place too long, and requested them to make room for the Greeks who were wanting to go in to chant their liturgy. The request was denied, whereupon the Greek dignitary called upon his followers to "slay the dogs," and a fierce struggle ensued, in which blood flowed freely on both sides. Finally the Turkish Pasha of Jerusalem had to interfere with an armed force, in order to prevent these *Christians* from murdering one another on the very spot where He who came to proclaim "Peace on Earth, good will to men," was cradled.

TO ALBERT.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

In the kingly halls of my palace of dreams
I sit palm-crowned and alone,
And hear the waves of the passionate world
Beating against my throne;
And far in the sea-blue hollows of Night,
With a sorrowful sob and moan,
Bruising a life and breaking a heart
On every jagged stone!

I sit at my rose-wreathed, beautiful doors,
And the pitiful world again
Kneels on the threshold and prays to come in
With his glory and pride—in vain!
Cries for the love that is lost to him,
That died in a passion of pain
When his nerveless hand fell out of my hand,
As the smiling so tender and warm
Fell from his coldly averted face,
When he left me with night and the storm!

But the key-note of love that lay hid in my life
Undreamed by the world and by me,
Thy white hand hath found, and its passionate touch
Hath wakened to ecstasy!
Hath set all the chords of my being athrill
With a wonderful melody;
And with terrible strength my kneeling soul
Pours o'er thee a wild glory of worship—whose flood
Of mighty vibrations roll goldenly on,
Till they break on the bosom of God!

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER CXVIII.—CONTINUED.

It is something for a solitary and homeless man, like Herman Brudenell, to discover suddenly that he has for years been the sole object of a good and beautiful woman's love. And to know that a home as happy and a wife as lovely as his youthful imagination ever pictured, was now waiting to receive him, if he would come and take possession!

Early the next morning Ishmael arose refreshed from a good night's rest; but Mr. Brudenell got up, weary, from a sleepless pillow.

It was to be a busy day with Ishmael, so, after a hasty breakfast, he took a temporary leave of Mr. Brudenell and sat out.

His first visit was to the chambers of the Messrs. Hudson, Solicitors, Burton street, Piccadilly.

Where all parties are agreed, business must be promptly dispatched, despite of even the law's proverbial delays. The Earl of Hurstmonceaux and Judge Merlin were quite agreed in this affair of restitution, and therefore their attornies could have little trouble.

As the reader knows, upon the marriage of the Viscount Vincent and Claudia Merlin, there had been no settlements; therefore the whole of the bride's fortune became the absolute property of the bridegroom.

Subsequently, Lord Vincent had died intestate; therefore Claudia as his widow would have been legally entitled to but a portion of that very fortune she herself had brought to him in marriage; all the rest falling to the Viscount's family, or rather to its representative, the Earl of Hurstmonceaux. It was this legal injustice that the Earl wished to rectify, by making over to Lady Vincent all his right, title and interest in the estate left by the deceased Lord Vincent. This business he had entrusted to his solicitors, giving them full power to act in his name.

And Ishmael, with the concurrence of Judge Merlin, made it *his* business to see that every binding, legal form was observed in the transfer, so that Lady Vincent should rest undisturbed in her possessions, by any grasping heir that might succeed the Earl of Hurstmonceaux.

When this arrangement with the Messrs. Hudson was satisfactorily completed, Ishmael entered a cab and drove to Scotland Yard. He succeeded in obtaining an immediate interview with Inspector Meadows, to whose hands he committed the task of looking up the German Jew, Ezra Isaacs.

Next he drove to Broad street, to the agency of a celebrated line of ocean steamers. After looking over their programme of steamers advertised to sail and reading the list of passengers booked for each, he found that he could engage berths for his whole party in a fine steamer to sail that day fortnight, from Liverpool for New York.

He secured the berths by paying the passage money down and taking tickets at once.

Finally, he re-entered the cab and drove back to his hotel.

He found that Mr. Brudenell had walked out. That did not surprise Ishmael. Mr. Brudenell generally did walk out. Like all homeless, solitary, and unoccupied men, Mr. Brudenell had formed rambling habits; and had he been a degree or so lower in the social scale he must have been classed among the vagrants.

Ishmael sat down in the unoccupied parlor to write to Judge Merlin. He told the Judge of the satisfactory completion of his business with the solicitors of the Earl of Hurstmonceaux; and that he had the documents affecting the restitution of Lady Vincent's property in his own safe keeping; that he did not like to trust them to the mail, but would bring them in person when he should return to Edinboro', which would be as soon as a little affair that he had in hand could be arranged; and he hinted that Mr. Brudenell would probably accompany him to Scotland. Finally, he informed the Judge that he had engaged passages for their party in the Ocean Mail Steamer Columbus, to sail on Saturday, the fifteenth, from Liverpool for New York. He ended with sending affectionate respects to Lady Vincent and the Countess of Hurstmonceaux.

Being anxious to catch the afternoon mail at the last moment, Ishmael did not intrust the delivery of this letter to the waiters of the hotel, but took his hat and hurried out to post it himself. By paying the extra penny exacted for late letters he got it in the mail, and then walked back to the hotel.

Mr. Brudenell had returned, and at the moment of Ishmael's entrance he was in solemn consultation with the waiter about the dinner.

After dinner that day Ishmael went out to visit the Tower of London, to him the most interesting of all the ancient buildings in that ancient city.

At night he went with Mr. Brudenell to the old classic Drury Lane Theatre to see Kean in Richard III. And after that intellectual festival they returned to Morley's to supper and to bed.

On Sunday morning they attended Divine Service at St. Paul's.

The next morning, Ishmael with Mr. Brudenell paid a visit to Westminster Abbey, where the tombs of the ancient kings and warriors engaged their attention nearly the whole day. It was late in the afternoon when they returned to Morley's, where the first thing Ishmael heard was that a person was waiting for him in the parlor.

Mr. Brudenell went directly to his chamber to change his dress. But Ishmael repaired to the parlor, where he expected to see some one from Scotland Yard.

He found the German Jew sitting there.

"Why, Isaacs? Is this you, already? I am very glad to see you! Mr. Meadows sent you, I suppose?" said Ishmael, advancing and shaking hands with his visiter.

"Mishter Meators? Who is he? No, Mishter Meators tit not zend me here; no one tit; I gome myzelf. I saw your name in te list of arrivals at dish house, bublished in tish morningsh babers. Ant I zaid—dish ish te name of von drue shentlemans; ant I'll gall to see him; and here I am," replied the Jew, cordially returning Ishmael's shake of the hand.

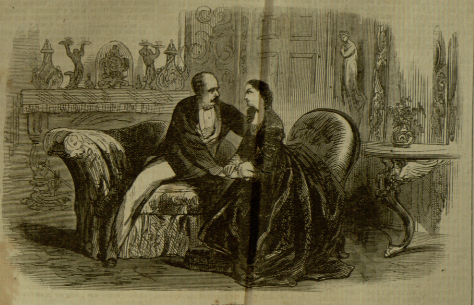
"Thank you, Isaacs, for your good opinion of me. Sit down. I have been very anxious to see you, to speak to you on a subject that I must broach at once, lest we should be interrupted before we have discussed it," said Ishmael, who was desirous of bringing Isaacs to confession before the entrance of Mr. Brudenell.

"Sbeak ten!" said the Jew, settling himself in the big arm-chair.

"Isaacs, you had a beautiful kinswoman of whom you used to speak to me on our voyage; but you never told me her name," said Ishmael, gravely, seating himself near the Jew.

"Titn't I, verily? Vell, her name vas Berenice, daughter of Zillah; Zillah vas mine moder's shishter, and vas very fair to look upon. She marriet mit a rish Lonton Shew, and tiet leafing von fair daughter, Berenice, mine kinsvoman, who marriet mit an English lort; very olt, very boor, put very mush in love mit my kinsvoman. He marriet her pecause zhe vas fair to look upon and very rish; her fader made her marry him pecause he was a lort; he zoon tied and left her a witow, ant zhe never marriet again; zhe left te country and vas avay many years ant I have nod zeen her zince. My fair kinsvoman! Zhe hat a great wrong done her!" said the Jew, dropping his chin upon his chest and falling into sad and penitential reverie.

"Yes, Isaacs," said Ishmael, rising and laying his hand solemnly on the breast of the Jew. "Yes, Isaacs, she had a great wrong done her, a greater wrong than even you can imagine; a wrong so great in its devastating effects upon her life, that you cannot even estimate its enormity! But, Isaacs, you can do something to right this wrong!"



RE-UNITED.

"I! Fader Abraham! what can I?" exclaimed the Jew, impressed and frightened by the earnestness of Ishmael's words and manner.

"You can make a full disclosure of the circumstances under which the miscreant Dromlie Dugald obtained access to Lady Hurstmonceaux's private apartments."

The Jew gazed up in the young man's face, as though he was unable to withdraw his eyes; he seemed to be held spell-bound by the powerful magnetism of Ishmael's spirit.

"Isaacs," continued the young man, "whatever may be the nature of these disclosures, I promise you that you shall be held free of consequences—I promise you; and you know the value of my promise."

The Jew did not answer and did not remove his eyes from the earnest, eloquent face of Ishmael.

"So you see, Isaacs, that your disclosures, while they will deliver the Countess from the suspicions under which her happiness has drooped for so many years, can do you no injury. And now, Isaacs, I ask you as man speaking to man, a question that I adjure you to answer, as you shall answer at that great day of account, when quick and dead shall stand before the bar of God, and the secret of all hearts shall be revealed—Did you admit Dromlie Dugald to the private apartments of the Countess of Hurstmonceaux, without the knowledge or consent of her ladyship?"

"Cot forgive me, I tit!" exclaimed the Jew, in a low, terrified voice.

"That will do, Isaacs," said Ishmael, ringing the bell.

A waiter came.

"Is there an unoccupied sitting-room that I can have the use of for a short time?" inquired Ishmael.

"Yes, sir."

"Show me to it immediately then."

The waiter led the way and Ishmael, beckoning the Israelite to accompany him, followed to a comfortable little parlor, warmed by a bright little fire, such as they kept always ready for chance guests.

"Writing materials, James," said Ishmael.

The man went for them; and while he was gone, Ishmael said:

"We might have been interrupted in the other room, Isaacs; that is the reason why I have brought you here."

When the waiter had returned with the writing materials, and arranged them on the table, and again had withdrawn from the room, Ishmael drew a chair to the table, seated himself, took a pen, and said:

"Now, Isaacs, sit down near me, and relate, as faithfully as you can, all the circumstances attending the concealment of Dromlie Dugald in Lady Hurstmonceaux's apartments."

The Jew, as if acting under the spell of a powerful spirit, did as he was ordered. He drew a chair to the table, seated himself opposite Ishmael, and—to use a common phrase—"made a clean breast of it."

I will not attempt to give his confession in detail. I will only give the epitome of it. He acknowledged that he had been bribed by Captain Dugald to favor his (the captain's) addresses to the beautiful young widow. But he solemnly declared that he had supposed himself to be acting as much for the lady's good as for his own interest, when he took the captain's money and admitted him freely to the house of his kinswoman, where he himself was staying, a temporary guest, and where he received her suitor as his own visitor.

Farther, he more solemnly declared that on that fatal evening when he secretly admitted the captain to the house, and guided him to the boudoir of the countess, he had not the remotest suspicion of the nefarious purpose of the suitor. He thought Dugald merely wished for an opportunity of pressing his suit. He had no idea that the unscrupulous villain designed to conceal himself in the closet of the dressing-room, and so pass the night in Lady Hurstmonceaux's private apartments, and show himself in the morning in dishabille at her open window, for the benefit of all the passengers through the street.

He affirmed that when in the morning he heard of this infamous abuse of confidence on the part of his patron, he had not had courage to meet his kinswoman at breakfast, but had decamped from the house in great haste, and had never seen the countess since that eventful day.

He said that he had heard how much she had suffered from the affair, at least for a short time; and that afterwards he had heard she had left the country; that he had since supposed the whole circumstance had been forgotten, and he did not even now understand how his disclosures should serve her, since no one now remembered the escapade of Captain Dugald.

As Isaacs spoke, Ishmael took down the statement in writing.

When it was finished, he turned to the Jew, and said:

"You are mistaken in one thing—nay, indeed, in two things, Isaacs! The first is, in the supposition that your disclosures cannot now serve the countess, since the world has long ago done her full justice. It is true that the world *has* done her full justice, for there is no lady living more highly esteemed than is the Countess of Hurstmonceaux. So if the world were only in question, Isaacs, I need never have troubled you to speak. But there is an individual in question; and this brings me to your second mistake; namely, in the supposition that the countess never married again. She did marry a[illegible] but a few months subsequent to her ma[illegible] heard the story of Captain [illegible] adventure, as it was then circulated and [illegible]lieved; and he thought himself the dupe [illegible] cunning adventuress, and estranged him[illegible]f from his wife from that day until this."

"Fader Abraham!" exclaimed the Jew, raising both his hands in consternation.

"Providence has lately put me in possession of all the facts of this case, and has enabled me to pave the way for a reconciliation between the long-severed pair—supposing that you will have the moral courage to do your kinswoman justice."

"Fader Abraham, I vill do her shustice! I vill do her *more* as shustice! I vill tell te whole truth! I vill tell *more* as te whole truth and shwear to it! I vill do anyding! I vould do anyding alt te time, if I had knowt it!" said the Jew, earnestly.

"Thank you, Isaacs, I only want the simple truth; more than that would do us harm instead of good. *This* is the simple truth, I hope, that I have taken down from your lips?"

"Yesh! tat ish te zimple truth!"

"I will read the whole statement to you, Isaacs, and then you will be able to see whether I have taken down your words correctly," said Ishmael. And he took up the manuscript and read it carefully through, pausing frequently to give the Jew an opportunity of correcting him, if necessary.

"Dat ish all right," said Isaacs, when the reading was finished.

"Now sign it, Isaacs."

The Jew affixed his signature.

"Now, Isaacs, that is all I want of you for the present; but should you be required to make oath to the truth of this, I suppose that you will be found ready to do so."

"Fader Abraham! yes, I vill do anyding at all, or anyding else, to serve mine kinsvoman," said the Jew, rising.

"Thank you, Isaacs! Now tell me where I shall find you, in case you shall be wanted?"

"I am lotging mit mine freint, Samuel Phineas, Butter Lane, Burrough."

"I will remember! Thank you, Isaacs! You have done your kinswoman and her friends good service. She will be grateful to you. I have no doubt she will send for you! Would you like to come to her?"

"Mit all my feet! Vere ish zhe?"

"At her country-seat, Cameron Court, near Edinboro'."

"I ton't know id!"

"No, you don't know it. It is a comparatively recent purchase of her ladyship, I believe," said Ishmael, rising to accompany the Jew from the room.

As they went out he rang the bell, to warn the waiter that they had evacuated the apartment.

In the hall, Isaacs bade him good afternoon. And Ishmael turned into the sitting-room, occupied in common by himself and Mr. Brudenell.

He found the table laid for dinner and Mr. Brudenell walking impatiently up and down the floor.

"Ah, you are there! I was afraid you would be late! and the fish and soup would be spoiled, but here you are in the very nick of time!" he said, as he touched the bell. "Dinner immediately," he continued, addressing himself to the waiter, who answered his summons.

But it was not until after dinner was over, and the cloth removed, and Mr. Brudenell had finished his bottle of claret and smoked out his principe, that Ishmael told him of his interview with Isaacs, and laid the written statement of the Jew before him.

Mr. Brudenell read it carefully through, with the deepest interest. When he had finished it, he slowly folded it up and placed it in his breast-pocket, dropped his head upon his chest and remained in deep thought and perfect silence.

After the lapse of a few moments, Ishmael spoke:

"If you think it needful, sir, Isaacs is ready to go before a magistrate and make oath to the truth of that statement."

"It is not needful; Ishmael, I have not the least doubt of its perfect truth. It is not of that I am thinking; but—of my wife! How will she receive me? One thing is certain, that having deeply injured her, I must go to her and acknowledge the wrong and ask her forgiveness. But, oh, Ishmael! what atonement will that be for years of cruel injustice and abandonment! None! none! No! I feel that I can make her no atonement," said Mr. Brudenell, bitterly.

"No, sir; you can make her no atonement, but—you can make her happy! And that is all *she will need*!" said Ishmael, gravely and [illegible]eetly.

"[illegible] thought I could, Ishmael, I would [illegible] in any case, however, I must go to her, acknowledge the wrong I have done her and ask for pardon. But, ah! how will she receive me?"

"Only go and see for yourself, sir, I implore you!" said Ishmael, earnestly.

"When do you return to Scotland, Ishmael?"

"When you are ready to accompany me, sir; I am waiting only for you," answered Ishmael, smiling.

"Then we will go by the early express train to-morrow morning," said Mr. Brudenell.

"Very well, sir; I shall be ready," smiled Ishmael.

Mr. Brudenell rang for tea. And when it was set on the table he ordered the waiter to call him at five o'clock the next morning, to have his bill ready, and get a fly to the door to take them to the Great Northern Railroad Station in time to meet the six o'clock express train for Edinboro'.

After tea the two gentlemen remained conversing some little time longer, and then retired to their bed-chamber, where, being without the help and hindrance of a valet, they packed their own portmanteaus. And then they went to bed early in order to secure a long and good night's rest, preparatory to their proposed journey of the next morning.

CHAPTER CXIX.

THE MEETING OF THE SEVERED PAIR.

For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is as she hath proved herself;
And therefore like herself, wise, fair and true
She shall be placed within my constant soul.
SHAKESPEARE.

Ishmael and Mr. Brudenell arose before the waiter called them. They dressed quickly, rang and ordered breakfast, and had time to eat it leisurely before the hour at which the cab was ordered to take them to the railway station. They caught the six o'clock express on the point of starting, and had just settled themselves comfortably in a first class carriage, when the train moved.

There is a difference in the time kept even by express trains. This one seemed to be the fastest among the fast, since it steamed out of the London station at six in the morning and steamed into the Edinboro' station at four in the afternoon.

Ishmael called a cab for himself and fellow traveller. And when they had taken their seats in it, he gave the order:

"To McGruder's Hotel."

And the cab started.

"I think, sir," said the younger man to the elder, "as we are in such good time, we had better go to my rooms at McGruder's and renovate our toilets before driving out to Cameron Court and presenting ourselves to Lady Hurstmonceaux."

"Yes, yes, certainly, Ishmael; for really I think after that dusty, smoky, cindery day's journey we should be all the better for soap and water and clean clothes. I don't know how *I* look, my dear fellow, but, not to flatter you, *you* present the appearance of a very interesting master chimney sweep!" replied Mr. Brudenell.

Ishmael laughed.

Ah, yes, Herman Brudenell jested on the same principle that people are said to jest on their way to execution! Now, when he was so near Cameron Court, and the Countess of Hurstmonceaux, how ill at ease, he had become! how he dreaded yet desired the interview that was to decide his fate.

The distance between the railway station and McGruder's Hotel was so short that it was passed over in a few minutes.

Ishmael paid and dismissed the cab, and the two gentlemen went in.

Ishmael's rooms in that house had never been given up; they had been kept for the use of his party, on their journeyings through the city.

He conducted Mr. Brudenell to these rooms, and then ordered luncheon as soon as it could be served, and a fly in half an hour.

Twenty minutes they gave to that "renovation" of the toilet advised by Ishmael, ten minutes to a simple luncheon of cold meat and bread, and then they entered the fly.

Ishmael gave the order:

"To Cameron Court."

As they moved on Mr. Brudenell said:

"There are several points upon which I would like to consult you, before presenting myself to the Countess."

"Yes, sir," said Ishmael, looking up with a smile full of earnest, encouraging sympathy.

"But like all procrastinating natures, I have deferred the task until the last moment."

"There has been no better opportunity than the present, sir."

"That is true! Well, Ishmael! the first doubt that troubles me is this: That I should not perhaps intrude upon the Countess, without first writing and apprising her of my intended visit. My appearance will be unexpected, startling, even embarrassing to her!"

"No, sir; no, trust me it will not! If I have read that gentle lady's heart aright, she has been always hoping to see you; and with the expectation that is born of hope, she has been always looking for you. No strange, unnatural appearance will you seem to Lady Hurstmonceaux, believe me, sir. And, moreover, she has *reason* to expect you now. Listen, sir! It was the day after I heard her story of Captain Dugald's midnight visit and the evil it brought her, I begged from her the loan of that miniature, which I showed you. And I do think she half suspected the use that I was about to put it to. She loaned it to me freely, without question and without reserve. And she knew at the time, that I was going directly to your presence. And, finally, on the day before yesterday, when writing to Judge Merlin, I mentioned my hope that you would accompany me to Edinboro'. So you see, sir, Lady Hurstmonceaux is not entirely unprepared to receive you."

"Ah! but how will she receive me, Ishmael? And how indeed shall I present myself to her?"

"She will welcome you with joy, sir; believe it! But you need not take her by surprise, sir, even supposing that she does not expect you. Indeed, in no event, would it be well that you should risk doing so. When we reach Cameron Court you can remain in the fly, while I go in, and to her ladyship alone, announce your arrival."

"Thank you, Ishmael. Your plan is a good one and I will adopt it. And now another thing, my dear boy. Ishmael, you have always refused to be publicly acknowledged as my son——"

"You know why, sir; I will not have unmerited reproach thrown upon my sainted mother's memory. She was a martyr to your mistake; it must never be supposed that she was a victim to her own weakness."

"Enough, Ishmael! enough; I will not urge the point, although Heaven only knows how great is the sacrifice I make in resigning the hope that you would take my name and inherit what is left of the family estates. But, there, Ishmael! I will say no more upon that point! You will continue to bear your mother's name—the name that you have already made famous—and that, I feel sure, you will make illustrious. So no more of that. But what I wished particularly to consult you about is the propriety of confiding to the Countess the secret of our relationship. Ishmael, it shall be just as you please."

"Then, sir, tell her all; have no secrets from *the Countess; she merits all your confidence;* [illegible] *tell her the circumstances under which you married my dear mother, that Nora Worth may be held blameless by her forever,*" said Ishmael, solemnly.

It was strange to hear this middle-aged gentlemen seeking counsel from this young man; but so it was that all who were brought within the circle of Ishmael's influence consulted him as an early Christian might have consulted a young St. John. Ishmael had not the experience that only age can bring; but he had that clear, strong, moral and intellectual insight, which only purity of heart and life can give. And hence his counsels were always wise and good.

It was six o'clock when they reached Cameron Court.

When the carriage drew up before the principal entrance, Ishmael observed that Mr. Brudenell had become very much agitated.

"Compose yourself, dear sir; compose yourself with the reflection that it is only a loving woman you are about to meet; a woman who loves you constantly and will welcome you with delight. Remain here until I go in and announce your visit; then I will return for you," he said, pressing Mr. Brudenell's hand as he left the carriage.

The Professor opened the door for Mr. Worth. There was no regular porter at Cameron Court, but Dr. James Morris was acting in that capacity.

"All well, Professor?"

"All well, sir. The Judge and Lady Vincent have gone out for an airing in the close carriage. We expect them back to dinner, which will be served presently. You are just in time, sir."

Ishmael was for once glad to hear that the Judge and his daughter were absent, and that the Countess was alone. But, then, suddenly he reflected that this latter supposition was not so certain, and he anxiously inquired:

"Is the Countess at home, Professor?"

"Yes, sir; her ladyship is in the library reading."

"Alone?"

"Quite alone, sir."

"That will do; I can find her," said Ishmael, ascending the stairs and turning in the direction of the library, which was situated on the first floor.

Berenice, dressed in a rich but simply made black velvet robe, with delicate white lace under-sleeves and collar, sat near the centre table before the fire, reading. Her head was bent over her book, and her rich black ringlets fell forward half shading her beautiful dark face.

She raised her eyes when Ishmael entered, and seeing who it was, she threw aside her book and started up to meet him.

"Welcome, Mr. Worth! welcome back again!" she said, offering her hand.

Ishmael took that beautiful little brown hand and held it within his own as he said:

"Thank you, Lady Hurstmonceaux. I am really very glad to get back. But——"

"What, Mr. Worth?"

"I do not come alone, Lady Hurstmonceaux."

Her countenance suddenly changed. Her voice sank to a whisper as she inquired:

"Who is with you?"

Dropping his voice to the low tone of hers, Ishmael answered:

"Mr. Brudenell."

The Countess snatched her hand from his grasp, threw herself into the nearest chair, covered her face with her hands, and so remained for several minutes.

At last Ishmael approached and leaned over her, and, speaking in a subdued and gentle voice, said:

"This visit is not wholly unexpected, Lady Hurstmonceaux?"

"No, no, Mr. Worth," she murmured, without removing the shield of her hands.

"Nor unwelcome, I hope?"

"No! oh, no!" she said, dropping her hands now and looking up, pale, and faintly smiling.

"You will see him then?" said Ishmael, speaking, as he had spoken throughout the interview, in a low, gentle tone.

"Presently. Give me a little time. Oh! I have waited for him so long, Ishmael!" she said, with an involuntary burst of confidence. But then every one, even the most reserved, confided in Ishmael Worth.

"I have waited for him so long! so long!" she repeated.

"He has come at last, dearest lady! come to devote his life to you, if you will accept the offering," Ishmael murmured, bending over her.

"Oh, Mr. Worth, I am sure that I owe this happiness to you!" the countess exclaimed, fervently, clasping his hand and holding it while she repeated—"'Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.'"

Slowly and reverently Ishmael bowed his head at the hearing of these words.

"Where is he, Mr. Worth?" at length breathed Berenice.

"In the carriage outside, awaiting your pleasure."

"Bring him to me then," she said, pressing his hand warmly before she relinquished it.

Ishmael returned that pressure," and then went out to speak to Mr. Brudenell.

"Come in, sir; she invites you," he said.

Herman Brudenell stepped out of the carriage and entered with Ishmael. He threw his eyes around upon the magnificence that surrounded him. Was all this really to be his own? the gift of that sweet lady's slighted love? He could scarcely believe it.

Ishmael led him through the halls and up the stairs to the library.

"She is in there; alone," he whispered.

"Go in with me, Ishmael," whispered the other.

But Ishmael shook his head, smiled, opened the door, announced:

"Mr. Brudenell, Lady Hurstmonceaux," shut it and retired.

Herman Brudenell found himself alone in the library with his long neglected wife.

She was sitting in the arm-chair, where Ishmael had left her. She arose to meet her visitor; then suddenly turned deadly pale and sunk back in her chair, overcome by her emotions, but even in so sinking she stretched her hands out to him in welcome, in invitation, in entreaty.

Slowly and deferentially he approached this woman, so holy in her immortal love. And dropping on one knee, beside her chair, he bent his head and murmured in a broken voice:

"Berenice—Berenice—can you forgive—all these long, long years of cruel injustice?"

"Oh, bless you! bless you, Herman, for coming at last! I am so glad, so glad to see you!" she said, drawing his bowed head to her bosom, dropping her face caressingly upon it and bursting into tears.

A few minutes passed and he was sitting by her side, with her hand clasped in his, telling her the story of the sinful and sorrowful past, and imploring her forgiveness.

Would she forgive him?

Reader! Berenice was one of those women whom the wisdom of this world can never understand; one of those women who love purely and passionately; who love but once and love forever. She loved Herman Brudenell! And in saying this I answer all questions. She would not acknowledge that she had anything to forgive; she was glad to give him herself and all that she possessed; she was glad to make him the absolute master of her person and her *fortune. And in giving all, she received all, for as she loved she was happy.*

After some little time had elapsed, and they had both recovered *from the agitation of the meeting, the Countess looked* up at him and inquired:

"Who is Ishmael Worth? Who is this young man, so stately, yet so gracious? so commanding, yet so meek? who walks among other men as a young king should, but as a young king never does! Who is he?"

"He is my son," said Herman Brudenell, proudly but shyly; "my son, the child of that unfortunate marriage contracted when I supposed that you were lost to me! lost to me in every way, my Berenice! That marriage of which I have already told you. Do you forgive me, for him, also, Berenice?"

"I congratulate you on him; for he is a son to be very proud of. I glory in him! for he is now *my* son also!" said this generous woman, fervently.

Herman Brudenell raised her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Oh, Herman, I knew it! I knew it twenty years ago, when I went to the Hill Hut and begged the babe to bring up as my own!" she said.

"You did! Berenice! how divinely good you are!"

"Good!—Why I only sought my own comfort in the babe. You were lost to me, for the time, and your child was the best consolation I could have found. However, his stern kinswoman would not let me have him! would not even let me help him; denied that he was yours, and almost turned me out of doors."

"That was so like Hannah!"

"But now at last he is mine! my gifted son! how I shall rejoice in him!"

"He is yours, Berenice, as far as the most profound esteem and love can make him yours. But Ishmael will never consent to be publicly acknowledged by me," said Herman Brudenell, sorrowfully.

"But why?" inquired the Countess in astonishment.

"For his mother's sake. Ishmael cherishes the most chivalric devotion for his angel mother, and I think also for all mortal women, for her sake. He bears her name, and is fond of it and will ever bear it, that whatever fame he may win in this world may be identified with it. He has vowed, with the blessing of Heaven, to make the name of Worth illustrious, and he will do so."

"A chivalric devotion, truly; and how beautiful it is! He is already, though so young, a distinguished member of the Washington Bar, I hear. How did he get his education and his profession;—that poor boy, whom I remember in his childhood, as tramping the country with the old odd-job man—that very "professor" who attends him as his servant now? You found him and educated him at last, I suppose, Herman?"

A fiery flush arose to Mr. Brudenell's brow, displacing its habitual paleness.

"No, Berenice, no*!* not to me, not to any human being does Ishmael owe education or profession; but to God and to himself alone. Never was a boy born in this world under more adverse circumstances. His birth in its utter destitution reminds me (I speak it with the deepest reverence) of that other birth in the manger of Bethlehem. His infancy was a struggle for the very breath of life; his childhood for bread; his youth for education; and nobly, nobly has he sustained this struggle and gloriously has he succeeded. We are yet in our prime, my dear Berenice, and I feel sure that if we live out the three score years and ten allotted as the term of human life, we shall see Ishmael at the zenith of human greatness.',

So carried away had Mr. Brudenell been in making this tribute to Ishmael that he had forgotten to explain the circumstances that would have exonerated him from the suspicion of having culpably neglected his child. Berenice brought him back to his recollection by saying:

"But I am sure you must have made some provision for this boy; how was it then that he never derived any benefit from it? How was it that he was left from the hour of his birth to suffer the cruelest privations, until the age of seven years, when he began to support himself, and to help to support his aunt!"

"You are right, Berenice; I made a provision for him; but I left the country, and he never had the good of it. I will explain how that was by and by; but I believe the loss of it was providential. I believe it was intended from the first that Ishmael should 'owe no man anything,' for life, or bread, or education, or profession; but all to God and God's blessing on his own efforts. He is self-made. I know no other man in history to whom the term can be so perfectly well applied."

"Will you tell me all you know of his early struggles? I am so interested in this stately son of yours," said Berenice, who, while admiring Ishmael herself, saw also that he was the theme above all others that Mr. Brudenell loved to dwell upon.

Herman Brudenell told the story of Ishmael's heroic young life, as he had gathered it from many sources.

And Berenice listened in admiration, in wonder and sometimes in tears.

And yet it was only the plain story of a poor boy who struggled up out of the depths of poverty, shame and ignorance, to competence, honor and distinction; a story that may be repeated again in the person of the obscurest boy that reads these lines.

After a little while, given to meditation on what she had heard, Berenice, with her hand still clasped in that of Herman Brudenell, looked up at him, and said:

"Your mother and sisters?"

Slowly and sadly Mr. Brudenell shook his head:

"Ah, Berenice, I shall have to tell you now of a family self-marred, as a set-off to the boy self-made!"

And then he told the grievous story of the decadence of the Brudenell ladies, not of course forgetting the mad marriage of Eleanor Brudenell with the profligate Captain Dugald.

While Berenice was still wondering over these family mistakes and misfortunes, a footman opened the door, and said:

"My lady, dinner is served."

"Has Judge Merlin and Lady Vincent returned from their drive?" inquired the countess.

"Yes, my lady; the Judge and her ladyship are in the drawing-room with Mr. Worth."

"Mr. Brudenell, will you give me your arm?" said the Countess, rising, with a smile.

Herman Brudenell bowed and complied. And they left the library and passed on to the little drawing-room.

As they entered, they saw Judge Merlin, Ishmael and Claudia standing, grouped in conversation, near the fire.

The situation of this long severed and suddenly re-united pair was certainly rather embarrassing, especially to the lady; and to almost any other one it would have been overwhelming. But Berenice was a refined, cultivated and dignified woman of society; such a woman never loses her self-possession; she is always mistress of the situation. Berenice was so now. But for the bright light in her usually pensive dark eyes, and the rosy flush on her habitually pale cheeks, there was no difference in her aspect, as, with her hand lightly resting on Mr. Brudenell's arm, she advanced towards the group.

Claudia turned around, not altogether in surprise, for Ishmael had thoughtfully prepared them all *for this new addition to the family circle.*

"Lady Vincent, I believe you have already *met my husband, Mr. Brudenell,*" said the Countess, gravely presenting him to her guest. And the form of her words purposely revealed the reconciliation that had just been sealed.

"Oh, yes, I know Mr. Brudenell well, and I am very glad to see him again," said Claudia, offering her hand.

"I had the honor of passing some weeks in Lady Vincent's company at her father's house in Washington," said Mr. Brudenell, gravely bowing.

He next turned and shook hands with Judge Merlin.

But the old man retained his hand, and took also that of the Countess, and as the tears sprang to his aged eyes, he said:

"Dear Brudenell, and dearest lady, I sympathize with you in this re-union with all my heart! May you be very happy! God bless you!" and pressing both their hands, he relinquished them.

Mr. Brudenell and the Countess simultaneously bowed in silent acknowledgment of this benediction.

Claudia involuntarily looked up to Ishmael's face; their eyes met—hers betraying the yearning anguish of a famishing heart, and his the most earnest sympathy, the most reverential compassion. Why did Claudia look at him so? Ah! because she could not help it. What was she dreaming of? Perhaps of another possible re-union, that should compensate her for all the woful past, and bless her in all the happy future!

A moment more, and the folding doors connecting the drawing-room with the dining-room were thrown open.

"Mr. Brudenell, will you take Lady Vincent in to dinner?" said the Countess, with a smile, as she herself gave her hand to Ishmael.

And thus they passed into the dining-room.

But for the sadness of one mourning spirit present, the dinner was a pleasant one. And the re-union in the drawing-room that evening was calmly happy.

CHAPTER CXX.

HOME AGAIN!

Home again! home again!
  From a foreign shore!
And oh, it fills my heart with joy
  To greet my friends once more

Music sweet! music soft!
  Lingers round the place.
And oh, I feel the childhood's charm
  That time cannot efface!

M. S. Pike, Esq.

It had been decided in consultation between Judge Merlin and Ishmael that under existing circumstances, it would be proper for their party to shorten their visit to Cameron Court, and leave the recently reconciled pair to the enjoyment of their own exclusive company.

And accordingly, while they were all seated at luncheon the next day, Wednesday, Judge Merlin announced their departure for Thursday morning.

This announcement was met by a storm of hospitable expostulation. Both the Countess and Mr. Brudenell strongly objected to the early departure of their visitors, and urged their prolonged stay.

But to all this friendly solicitation, the Judge replied:

"My dear Countess, painful, as it will be to us all to leave Cameron Court, there are imperative reasons for our doing so. It is not only that we have engaged our passages on the steamer that sails on the fifteenth of this month of February, but that unless we really do sail on that day, we shall not have sufficient time to cross the ocean and get into port, before the stormy month of March sets in."

"But this is on Wednesday. The Columbus does not sail until Saturday after next. You might stay with us a week longer and then have abundant time to run down to Liverpool and get comfortably embarked," said the Countess.

"Thank you, dear lady; but the truth is I wish to show my daughter London before we sail," replied the Judge.

"The truth is," said the Countess, smiling, "that you are all weary of Cameron Court! Well! So I will no longer oppose your departure. Very early in life, I learned the two-fold duty of hospitality: 'to *greet* the coming, *speed* the parting guest.'"

"Lady Hurstmonceaux, we are not weary of Cameron Court! On the contrary we are attached to it, warmly attached to it; we have been happier here than we could have been anywhere else, while under our adverse circumstances. And we shall take leave of you, madam, with the deepest regret—regret only to be softened by the hope of seeing you sometime in America," said the Judge, gravely.

The Countess bowed and smiled, but did not in any other manner reply.

"Oh, Berenice! dear Berenice! you will come out to see us, sometime, will you not?" urged Claudia.

The Countess looked towards her husband with that proud, fond defference which loving wives glory in bestowing, and she said:

"When Mr. Brudenell visits his mother and sisters I shall of course accompany him, and we shall spend a portion of our time at Tanglewood, if you will permit us."

"Berenice! Berenice! what words you use! You know how happy we should be to see you!" said Claudia.

"And how honored," said the Judge.

Lady Hurstmonceaux smiled on Claudia, and bowed to the Judge.

And then the circle arose from the luncheon table and dispersed.

That day Ishmael wrote to Bee, announcing the speedy return of himself and his party.

And Judge Merlin wrote to his manager, Reuben Gray, to have the house at Tanglewood prepared for the reception of himself and daughter on or before the first of March.

Early on Thursday morning, our party took a most affectionate leave of their friends at Cameron Court and set out in one of the Countess's carriages for the railway station at Edinboro', which they reached in time to catch the ten o'clock express for London.

A twelve hours' flight southward brought them into that city. It was ten o'clock, therefore, when they ran into the King's Cross Station. There they took a fly to Morley's Hotel, in the Strand, where they arrived about eleven o'clock.

They engaged a suit of apartments and settled themselves there for a week.

A very brief epitome must describe their life in London during that short period.

It was Thursday night when they arrived.

On Friday morning they visited the Tower, taking the whole day for the study of that ancient fortress and its awful traditions. And in the evening they went to Drury Lane, to see Kean in Macbeth.

On Saturday morning they went to Westminster Abbey. And in the evening to Covent Garden.

On Sunday they attended divine service at St. Paul's, morning and afternoon. And they spent the evening quietly at home.

On Monday they visited the two houses of Parliament. And in the evening they went to the Polytechnic.

On Tuesday they went over the old prison of Newgate. And in the evening they heard a celebrated philanthropist lecture at Exeter Hall.

On Wednesday they went down to Windsor, and went over Windsor Castle, Park and Forest. And they spent the evening *looking over the illustrated guides that described these places.*

On Thursday morning they returned to London, and employed the day in shopping and other preparations for their homeward voyage.

And Ishmael, among his more important purchases, did not forget the dolls for little Molly, nor the box of miniature carpenter's tools for Johnny. They passed this last evening of their stay quietly at home.

On Friday morning they left London for Liverpool, where they arrived at nightfall.

They put up at the "Adelphi," the hotel favored by all American travellers, and where they found all their national tastes gratified.

Early on Saturday morning they embarked on their homeward-bound steamer, and sailed from England.

They were blessed with one of the most favorable voyages on record. The wind was fair, the sky was blue, and the sea smooth from the beginning to the end of their voyage. And on the evening of the tenth day out, they ran safely into the harbor of New York. This was Thursday, the twenty-fifth of February.

The evening mail for the South had not yet gone. And while waiting in the office of the Custom-House, Ishmael wrote to Bee, announcing the safe arrival of his party; and the Judge dashed off a few lines to Reuben Gray, warning him to have all things ready to receive the returning voyagers.

Only one night they rested in the city, and then on Friday morning they left New York, taking the shortest route to Tanglewood—namely, by railroad as far as Baltimore, and then by steamboat to Shelton, on the Potomac.

Our whole party landed at Shelton on Saturday evening.

The Judge dispatched a messenger on horseback from the little hotel to Tanglewood, to order Reuben Gray to have the fires kindled and supper ready against their arrival.

And then, after some little search—for the hamlet boasted few hackney-coaches, they found a carriage for the Judge and his companions, and a wagon for the servants and the luggage.

It was nine o'clock when they reached Tanglewood.

Hannah and Reuben were standing out under the starlight, listening for the sound of wheels, and they ran forward to greet them as they alighted from the carriage.

"Oh, welcome! welcome home, sir! Thank God, I receive you safe again!" exclaimed Reuben Gray, as he grasped the Judge's extended hand, and wept for joy.

"Thank you! Thank you, Gray! I'm happy to be home once more."

"Oh, my boy! my boy! Oh, my boy! my boy! Do I see you again? Do I really see you again! Thank Heaven! Oh! Thank Heaven!" cried Hannah, bursting into a passion of tears, as she threw her arms around Ishmael's neck and was pressed to his affectionate heart.

"God bless you, dear Aunt Hannah! I am very glad to come to you again! How are the little ones?"

"Oh, as well as possible, dear!"

"Speak to Lady Vincent," whispered Ishmael.

"Madam, I am very glad to see you home once more; but sorry to see you in such deep mourning," said Hannah, respectfully.

Judge Merlin then hurried the whole party out of the biting winter air into the house.

Here they found all things ready for them, the fires kindled, the rooms warmed, the table set in the comfortable parlor, and the supper ready to be dished.

They took time only to make a very slight toilet in their well warmed chambers and then they went down to supper. The Judge insisted that Hannah and Reuben should join them on this occasion and remain their guests for the evening.

And what a happy evening it was? After all their weary wanderings, perils and sorrows in foreign lands, how delightful to be at home once more in their dear native country, gathered together safely under one beloved roof, and lovingly served by their own affectionate domestics! Ah! one must lose all these blessings for a while, in order truly to enjoy them.

How earnest was the thanksgiving in the grace uttered by the Judge as they all gathered around the supper table! How earnest was the amen silently responded by each heart!

After supper they all went into the well-warmed and lighted crimson drawing room.—And Claudia sat down before her grand piano, and tried its keys. From long disuse it was somewhat out of tune, certainly, but her fingers evoked from those keys a beautiful prelude, and her voice arose in that simple but soul stirring little ballad: "Home Again."

As she sang Ishmael came up behind her, turned the leaves of her music book and accompanied her in his rich bass voice.

At the end of that one song she arose and closed her piano.

"Thank you, my dear," said the Judge, drawing his daughter to him and kissing her cheek. "Your song was very appropriate; there is not one here who could not enter into its sentiment with all his heart."

Slowly and sadly Claudia bowed her head; and then she passed on to one of the side-tables, took up a lighted bed-room candle, bade them all good night and retired.

Reuben and Hannah, who on this occasion, at Judge Merlin's request, had remained in the drawing-room, now arose and took a respectful leave. And soon after this, Ishmael and the Judge separated and retired to their respective chambers.

Ishmael was shown into that one which he had occupied during that eventful first sojourn at Tanglewood. How full of the most interesting associations—the most tender memories—that chamber was. There was the bed upon which he had lain for weeks a mangled sufferer for Claudia's sake. There was the very same arm-chair in which she had sat hour after hour by his side, beguiling the tedious days of convalescence by talking with him, reading to him, or singing and playing to him on her guitar. Sigh after sigh burst from Ishmael's bosom as he remembered these times. He went to bed, but could not sleep; he laid awake meditating and praying.

While Ishmael in his lonely chamber prayed, another scene was going on in another part of the house.

Old Katy was holding a reception in the kitchen. All the house servants, all the field laborers, and all the neighboring negroes—bond and free, male and female—were assembled at Tanglewood that night to welcome Katy and her companions home and hear their wondrous adventures in foreign lands.

Katy, in the most gorgeous dress of Scotch plaid that displayed the most brilliant tints of scarlet, blue and yellow, purple, orange and green, with a snow white turban on her head and a snow white kerchief around her neck, with broad gold ear-rings in her ears and thick gold finger-rings on her fingers,—sat in the seat of honor, the chip-bottom arm-chair, and, for the benefit of the natives, delivered a lecture on the manners and customs of foreign nations, illustrated by her own experiences among them.

Now, if Katy had only related the plain facts of her life in Scotland and in the West India Islands they had been sufficiently interesting to her simple hearers.

But Katy exaggerated her adventures, wrongs and sufferings beyond all hope of pardon.

"I seen the q[illegible]," she said. "She [illegible] about in a silver coach drawed by a hundred milk white [illegible] wid a golden crown on her head a yard and a half high! And more niggers to wait on her, chillun, dan you could shake sticks at."

The least of her fictions was this:

"Chillun, I was fust kilt dead, den buried alibe, and kept so till wanted; den fotch to life ag'in, and sold to pirates, and took off to de Stingy Isles, and sold ag'in into slabery; arter which Marster Ishmael Worf drapped right down out'n de clear sky inter de middle ob de street, and if you don't beleibe it jes go ax Marse Ishmael hisse'f, as nebber told a false in his life!"

"And so he brought you away, Katy?" inquired Reuben's Sam, who was, of course, present.

"Well, I jes reckon he did *some!* He made dem Stingy Island barbariums 'stan' roun' now, I tell you, chillun."

Katy went on with her lecture. Her version of the fate of Lord Vincent, Mrs. Dugald and Frisbie was rather a free one.

"I walked myse'f right 'traight up to de Queen soon as ebber I totched English ground, and told her all about dem gran' willians, and de Queen ordered de execution ob de whole lot. Which dey was all hung up by de neck till dey was dead de berry next mornin?" she said.

"What! all hung so quick, Katy!" exclaimed Sam, in astonishment.

"All hung! Ebery singly one ob em! my lordship and de shamwally and de whited-saltpeter! all hung up by de neck till dey was dead, in de middle ob de street, right in de sight ob eberybody going along, and serbe 'em right and hopes it did 'em good!" said Katy, emphatically.

"That was quick work, though," said Sam, dubiously.

"Quick work? Dey deserbed it quick! and quicker dan dat! Hi, boy, what you talkin' 'bout? Didn't dey kill me dead, and bery me alibe, and sell me inter slabery? You 'spect how de Queen gwine let sich goings on go on while she's de mist'ess ob England? No, 'deed! not arter she see all dey made me suffer?" exploded Katy.

"'Deed, Aunt. Katy, you did see heap o' trouble, didn't you?" said one of her amazed hearers.

"Yes; but, you see, Aunt Katy wanted to see de worl'! 'Member how she used to tell us how *she* wasn't a tree as couldn't be transplanted, how she was a libin soul, and a p'og'essive sperrit, and how she wanted to see somefin' ob dis worl' she libbed in afore she parted hence and beed no more!" said another.

"Well, I reckon you has seed 'nough ob de worl' now! hasn't you, Aunt Katy?" inquired a third.

"Well, I jes reckon I *has*, chillun. I nebber wants to see no more ob dis worl' long as ebber I libs on dis yeth, dere. I be satisfied to settle down here at Tanglewood for de'mainder ob my mortal days, and thank my 'Vine Marster down on my knees as I has got here safe," said Katy.

"If I was you, Aunt Katy, I'd publish my travels," said Sam.

"I gwine to, honey, 'deed is I! I gwine to publish um good, too. I gwine to get my extinguish friend, de Professor dere, to write um all down fur me; and I gwine to publish um good! And now, Sam, chile, as de kettle is b'iling, I wish you jes' make de hot punch, 'cause I'se dead tired, and arter I drinks it I wants to go to bed."

And when the punch was made and served around, this circle also separated for the night.

The next morning, before breakfast, Ishmael walked through the forest to Woodside, to see the little children of whom he was so fond.

They were already up and waiting for him at the gate. On seeing him they rushed out to meet him with acclamations of joy, and laid hold of his overcoat, and began to pull him towards the house.

Ishmael smiled on them, and talked to them, and would have taken them up in his arms, but that his arms were already full, for under one was Molly's family of dolls and under the other Johnny's box of tools.

Smilingly he suffered them to pull him into the house, and push him into the arm-chair, and climb up on his knees, and seize and search his parcels.

Molly knew her parcel by the feet of the dolls protruding through one end of the paper, and she quickly laid hands on it, sat down flat on the floor and tore it to pieces, revealing to her delighted eyes—

"Dolls, and more dolls, and so many dolls!!!" as she ecstatically expressed it.

Then, in the midst of her bliss, she suddenly remembered her benefactor, dropped all her treasures, jumped into his lap, threw her arms around his neck, and said:

"Oh, cousin Ishmael, what pretty dolls! I will pray to the Lord to give you a great many things for giving me these."

Ishmael kissed her very gravely, and said:

"Pray to the Lord to give me wisdom, Molly, for that is the best of all gifts, and I would rather a child should ask it for me than a bishop should."

And he sat Molly down again to enjoy her treasures.

Meanwhile Johnny had torn open his box of miniature carpenter's tools, and run out to try their edges on the fences and out-houses; and all without one word of thanks to the donor. Boys, you know, are about as grateful as pigs, who devour the acorns without ever once looking up to see whence they come.

At the moment that Ishmael sat Molly down upon the floor, Hannah came in from a back room, where she had been at work.

On seeing the dolls, she lifted both her hands, and cried out:

"Oh, Ishmael, Ishmael, what extravagances!"

"Not at all, Aunt. Look at little Molly! See how much happiness has been purchased at a trifling outlay, and talk no more of extravagance," said Ishmael, rising and taking his hat.

"Where are you going now? You have not been here a minute," said Hannah.

"Pardon me, I have been here half an hour, and now I must go back to Tanglewood, because they will wait breakfast for me there."

"Well, I declare!" wrathfully began Hannah, but Ishmael gently interrupted her:

"I have bought a fine Scotch tartan shawl for you, Aunt Hannah, and a heavy shepherd's maud for Uncle Reuben. They are such articles as you cannot purchase in this country. I will send them to you by one of the servants. I would have brought them myself, only you see my arms were full."

"Well, I should think so. Thank you, Ishmael! Thank you very much indeed. But when are you coming here to stop a bit?"

"Just as soon as I can, Aunt Hannah. This morning I must go to 'The Beacon;' you may well suppose how anxious I am to be there."

"Humph! I thought now Mrs. Lord Vincent was a widder, all *that* was over!"

"Aunt Hannah!!—What do you take me for?" exclaimed the young man, in sorrowful astonishment.

"Well, Ishmael, I didn't mean to insult you, so you needn't bite my head off!" snapped Mrs. Gray.

"Good by, Aunt Hannah!" said Ishmael, stooping and kissing her cheek.

He hurried away and walked briskly through the woods and reached the house in good time for breakfast.

And a happy breakfast it was, but for one sad face there! The old man was so delighted to [illegible] own forest-shaded roof, seated at his own table, attended by his own affectionate servants, that it seemed as though the years had rolled back in their course and restored him to all the freshness of his youth.

After breakfast Ishmael arose and announced his departure for "The Beacon," and requested of the Judge the loan of two saddle horses.

"Ishmael, you have refused all compensation beyond your travelling expenses for your services. And I know, indeed, they were of a nature that money could not repay. Yet I do wish to make you some more substantial acknowledgment than empty words of my indebtedness to you. Now there is my Arabian courser, Mahomet. He is a gift worthy of even your acceptance, Ishmael. He has not his equal in America. I refused three thousand dollars for him before I went to Europe. I will not lend him to you, Ishmael! I will beg your acceptance of him—there, now, don't refuse! I shall never use him again, and Claudia cannot, for he is not a lady's horse, you know."

"I shall never ride again," here put in Claudia, in a sorrowful voice.

Ishmael started and turned towards her; but she had arisen from the table and withdrawn to the window seat.

Judge Merlin continued to press his gift upon the young man. But though Ishmael had almost a passion for fine horses, he hesitated to accept this munificent present until he saw that his refusal would give the Judge great pain.

Then with sincere expressions of gratitude he frankly accepted it.

The Judge rang a bell and ordered Mahomet saddled and brought around for Mr. Worth, and a groom's horse for his servant.

Ishmael put on his riding coat and took his hat and gloves.

When the horses were announced, Ishmael went and shook hands with his host.

"God bless you, Ishmael! God bless you my dear boy for all that you have done for me and for mine! Yea, God bless you, and speed the time when you shall be nearer to me than at present!" said the Judge, pressing both Ishmael's hands before he dropped them.

Ishmael then crossed the room to take leave of Claudia.

She was sitting in the arm-chair, within the recess of the bay-window; her elbow rested on a little stand at her side, and her head was bowed upon her hand; this was her usual attitude now.

"Farewell, Lady Vincent," said Ishmael in a grave sweet voice, as he stood before her.

She raised her head and looked at him. Oh, what a world of grief, despair and passionate remorse was expressed in those large, dark, tearless eyes!

"Farewell, Lady Vincent," said Ishmael, deferentially taking her hand.

Her fingers closed spasmodically upon his, as though she would have held him to her side, forever.

"Oh, must it be indeed, farewell, Ishmael," she breathed in a voice expiring with anguish.

"*Farewell,*" he repeated gravely, kindly, reverentially bowing low over the throbbing hand he held; and then he turned and softly left the room.

"It is his sense of honor! Oh it is his chivalric, nay, his fanatical sense of honor that is ruining us! Unless Bee has the good taste and modesty to release him voluntarily he will sacrifice me, himself and her, to the Moloch, Honor!" wailed Claudia, as she dropped her head upon her hands in a grief too deep for tears!

Was she right?

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

—Imputations, however unjust, sully, if they do not stain a character.

SPRING IS COMING!

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

Spring is coming! joyous spring!
See, the messengers that bring
Tidings, ev'ry heart to cheer,
That her advent bright is here;
See, the many-colour'd train,
Peeping up on glade and plain—
Crocuses, and snow-drops white,
Struggle into sunny light,
And the violet of blue,
And the valley's lily too.
I could dream their fairy bells
Ring a merry chime that tells
Spring is coming!—and when they
Faint, and fade, and fall away,
'Tis, that long by winter nurst,
Their full hearts with joy have burst.

At the tidings that they bring,
"Spring is coming! welcome spring!"
Children we of northern skies,
Most her loveliness do prize—
Most, with longing hearts, we yearn
For her swift and sure return;
We who know the sullen gloom,
When the earth is nature's tomb;
Well may we with heart and voice,
At the sweet spring-tide rejoice!

Dwellers in more genial climes,
Not for you these passing rhymes;
Ye can never understand
The contrasts of our northern land.
Ye are not so great and wise,
Ye have lowlier destinies
Than the children of a zone
Where the wintry blasts are known.
But gaunt famine doth not stride
By the proud and wealthy's side;
There ye see not little feet
Press upon the frozen street,
While the infant's tearful eye
Tells its tale of misery.
When in curtain'd, lighted hall,
What to you that snow-flakes fall?
When beside the blazing log,
What to you is frost or fog?
When on down your limbs ye stretch
Think ye of the homeless wretch?
To *the poor* it is that spring
Doth her richest treasures bring;
And methinks that I do hear
Countless voices, far and near,
Joining in a grateful strain,
"Spring is come at last again!"

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE OUTLAW'S BRIDE," "THE WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

GERALD'S PROSPECTS BRIGHTEN.

The letter from Vernor was written in a state of excitement bordering on despair, and ran thus:

"AUNT AGNES:—I do not write to you in the hope that you can help me, for that at this juncture is impossible; but Mr. Digby may interest himself in the fate of the son of an old friend so far as to make some efforts to get my wretched sentence reversed when the excitement against Monmouth's followers has subsided.

"Will you believe that I have been outwitted—completely baffled by the wretches with whom I dealt in good faith? I put untold thousands in the power of those harpies, and yet I am to be sent to the colonies in place of being permitted to get away to Holland, as was my expectation. [illegible] refused to give me a written guarantee, under the pretext that it was irregular, and in my case would be useless. My escape was to be connived at, but when we gained the sea port from which I expected to embark, I was confined with the other prisoners destined for Jamaica, and coolly told that I had bargained only for my life.

"Yes—I, a gentleman—a man of good family, have been thrust among the common herd, with the assurance that my fate is to be no better than theirs. In short, that I am actually to be *sold* as a slave to some brutal West India planter.

"For a few hours I thought I should have gone mad with the sense of degradation that fell upon me, but I have in some measure recovered the power to think and act. I have found the means to write this information to you, for I know measures will be taken to conceal my wrongs from the few friends I have.

"The bearer of this is a man on whom I once conferred an obligation which he has not forgotten. He pledges himself to deliver it in person, and on his fidelity I must rely, as it is my only chance to communicate with you. Oh! Aunt Agnes, think of my wretched position; use your best efforts to alleviate it, and interest your friend Mr. Digby in my cause. I shall die in that unhealthy climate, exposed to hardships and toils to which I am unused. If I cannot escape through your means, I will commit suicide, and my blood may rest on those who will not use every effort to rescue me.

"Only get permission for me to go free, and I pledge myself never to touch English soil again. Accursed land! that dooms its sons to such a fate as has been awarded me.

"I should have been more wary in my dealings with such unprincipled men, but what could I do? I was utterly in their power, with a shameful death looming before me, and I depended on their honor to keep the pledges made to me. I should have known that Jeffreys does not even understand the meaning of the word.

"Tell Ethel of the strait I am in. Mr. Digby has shown much interest in her, and she must have some influence with him. Let her use it to the utmost to induce him to move in my behalf. If Gerald can help me, I humble myself to ask his aid; anything—anything to get a reversal of this iniquitous sentence.

"I have been pursued even here by a woman and her son, who are my deadly enemies, and I cannot rid myself of the idea that but for their machinations I might have been permitted to escape to the continent. Do you remember the Gipsy fortune-teller who came to the Priory on that May-day years ago? It is she, and I have learned that my father wronged her in her youth, and she visits his sin on me. She has vowed that since her son cannot succeed Sir Hugh as the eldest born, the child of her rival never shall do so. There is nothing now to succeed to, and her enmity might be allayed by the recent disasters that have fallen upon me, but it is not; for she has found means to gain access to me—to taunt me with my evil fortunes, and to assure me that she would have made known even at Whitehall the venal compromise of Jeffreys if I had been permitted to evade the doom awarded to others far less guilty than I am.

"I can write no more; I have, with great difficulty, succeeded in scribbling this almost illegible scrawl, and I must watch my opportunity to deliver it to Panton. I trust that he will be faithful to his promises; and remember that if I do not within three months hear from you something on which to ground a hope of escape, I will take my fate in my own hands, for as a slave to the caprices of another man I will not live.

"VERNOR METHURN."

Mrs. Digby read this effusion with blanching cheeks and quivering lips. She rang and ordered the bearer to be admitted into her presence. In a few moments a rough-looking countryman entered, and she hurriedly asked:

"Did you receive this letter from the hands of Mr. Methurn himself?"

"Yes, mum. When they was a takin' him on the vessel that the pris'ners was to sail in, he managed to drop it as he passed me. I had promised to help him, for Mr. Methurn had once helped me out of a scrape in Amsterdam. I was working in the docks there, and got mixed up in a bad affair. Two English gents took a interest in me because I was a countryman of theirs, and they got a pardon for me from the Princess of Orange. Mr. Methurn was one on 'em, and I never forgot it. When I found *him* among the poor devils goin' to Jamaky, I *was* astonished you may be sure. I contrived to get a few words with him, and he asked me if I would bring that letter and give it in your own hands. I would have done it sooner, but I was afeard to come to this place while sich doin's was a goin' on as has been done here lately."

"And my nephew has really been sent to Jamaica? It seems incredible, though I have read his letter."

"He's gone, sure enough, mum; for I saw the vessel sail, and a mis'able unchancy thing she was as ever I laid my eyes on. Ef *she* gits to the eend o' her v'yage safe I'm no judge of water craft. It's my belief they meant to drown the poor cree'ters they didn't dare to hang."

The listener shuddered—she thought it but too probable that such was the ruthless intention of those who had taken the unhappy prisoners in charge. She faintly asked:

"And the name of the vessel? Vernor has omitted that, and we must learn it that we may have some clue to his actual fate."

"The Sally Ann was the name o' the ship, mum. She was a old vessel that haint been considered sea-worthy for more'n a year; but the government chartered it to cross the sea at this stormy season o' the year. It'll be a miracle if she gits to port safe."

Mrs. Digby heard him with a sick feeling of apprehension. Vernor had never shown much affection for her, but she had cherished for him a tender maternal regard, and in spite of his wrong-doings—his lack of consideration for others, she could not hear of this last calamity without the keenest suffering.

At this moment Mr. Digby came in; he bowed to the stranger with an expression of surprise, and asked:

"What has overcome you so much, Agnes? Have you heard any ill news?"

She silently offered him the letter, which he read in evident perturbation. He then questioned Panton and drew from him the substance of what he had already related to his wife. In his heart Mr. Digby believed it would be better for them all if Vernor should be swallowed up in the deep, but he was a humane man, and he checked the thought as it arose. He said:

"I will talk this matter over with you presently, Agnes, and we will see what can be done to help Vernor. Come with me into my library if you please, Mr. Panton."

The two went out together, and when they were alone Mr. Digby questioned the stranger on every point that could afford him a clearer insight into Vernor's actual position. But little more could be elicited, and liberally rewarding him for the service he had performed, he dismissed Panton and returned to consult with his wife.

He possessed little power himself, but he had friends in London who had access to the court, and he did not despair of gaining a commutation of the punishment of the hapless exile. So far as he knew, no other man of good family had been sent to the colonies, and he believed it to be a refinement of cruelty on the part of Jeffreys to have secured the bribe and violated the pledges he had given. He felt that Vernor should have perished sooner than give up men comparatively innocent to be preyed on by the creatures in power, but he could not abandon him to the miserable doom of captivity in an unhealthy climate without using every means in his power to rescue him from it.

He spoke more hopefully to his wife of the results of his efforts than he really felt, and Mrs. Digby wiped away her fast falling tears as his words fell soothingly upon her ear. She said:

"It is now many weeks since that letter was written, *poor Vernor is languishing in bondage*, and looking for news to cheer him. I must write without *delay*, and tell him that you will use your utmost efforts to serve him. If he *does not hear from us he may do something* desperate."

"Write by all means, and I can certainly get your letter sent under cover to the Colonial Secretary, to whom I will write myself. Luckily *he is an acquaintance* of mine, and he will make some effort to find Vernor out, and see that he gets your letter. You need have no apprehensions on the score of his attempting self-destruction; a man who, like Vernor, has sacrificed honor to retain life will scarcely put that precious possession in jeopardy by his own act."

"Do not speak in that bitter tone," she entreated. "Vernor has done many things to alienate my heart from him; but I have still a tender regard for him, and his evil deeds have been bitterly brought home to him."

"True, my love; and if his present sufferings bring forth the fruits of repentance they will not have been inflicted in vain. For your sake, if not for his own, I will serve Vernor to the utmost extent of my ability. I have no faith in him, for he has more than once been weighed in the balance and found wanting. But we will let that pass. I will endeavor to gain his pardon on the condition that he remains forever an exile, for I never wish to see his face again. It will be best to keep his present situation from Ethel; the poor child would grieve herself ill over the misfortunes of the wretched scapegrace who has already done her such irreparable injury."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Digby. "Ethel need know nothing of it till Vernor is released. It will be best to keep it to ourselves."

"I must consult with Gerald. Mr. Clyde may be able to aid us; he has an extensive business connexion among the nobility, and he would help any one bearing the name of Methurn."

"Of course Gerald must be taken into our councils. He will write to Mr. Clyde with alacrity. Vernor speaks of humbling himself to ask his aid; but I do not know why he should regard it in that light. My son will gladly serve him."

"Can you not comprehend that the integrity and self-respect that Gerald has shown in his career have been a tacit reproach to his kinsman? It is not likely that Vernor has any other feeling toward him than a sore sense of inferiority, which does not usually beget affection. If Gerald had been the heir of the house, the name of Methurn would not now be tainted with outlawry; its honor stained by the conduct of its present head. Forgive me, Agnes, for speaking thus of one you still regard with affection; but Vernor's conduct has entirely forfeited my respect. Gerald will yet restore the old family to its ancient prestige, and, if Vernor were out of the way, I should not despair of seeing him at some future day the lord of the Priory, with the title and estates of his uncle restored to him."

"I have no wish for my son to displace his cousin, nor can I see how he can ever recover the estate that has been forfeited."

"There are more ways than one to accomplish that, and I have a plan in my mind to bring about that result."

She looked at him with surprise, and he went on:

"For many years I have lived quietly in this place, because Alice had the advantages of a good school without being separated from me. My income is good, and I have laid up a considerable sum of money from it. After settling the fine levied on me, I find that I still have enough left to prevent the Priory from falling into the hands of strangers. It was bestowed on a needy courtier, who is in want of ready money, and I am already in treaty for its purchase. I shall get a good bargain, from which Gerald may in the future be the gainer."

Mrs. Digby clasped his hand and carried it to her lips.

"Ever good—ever thoughtful for others, how shall I thank you for this most unexpected kindness?"

"Pooh! it is not much to thank me for, my dear. I do not propose to *give* the property to Gerald. He must work and save, and when he is rich enough he shall pay me back what I gave for it. In the meantime, the income I shall derive from the estate will pay me a handsome interest."

"The service will be none the less for that. If Gerald can regain his family inheritance by his own efforts, I shall feel prouder of it than if it had become his by descent."

"He will do it, Agnes. Gerald works industriously—he has will and intelligence, and we shall yet see him mount higher than any of his name have done before."

"How happy I am that you appreciate my boy so highly. The approbation of such a man as you are is worth gaining."

"I am glad you think so, Mrs. Digby; but if you flatter me much more I shall be in danger of becoming conceited. Here come the girls; brighten up your tell-tale face, my love, and do not let them suspect the new cause of uneasiness Vernor has given us."

Ethel and Alice came in from a morning walk, the latter as blooming as before her illness, and after pausing a few moments to listen to their lively chatter, Mr. Digby departed to seek Gerald and consult with him as to the steps to be taken to rescue Vernor from his unpleasant state of durance.

He carried the letter with him, and, after perusing it, the two gentlemen earnestly discussed the chances of success in such an undertaking. Gerald saw all the difficulties in the way, but they did not deter him from using his utmost efforts to serve his cousin. He wrote to Mr. Clyde without delay, and appealed to him to aid the nephew of his old friend in this sad crisis of his fate.

Mr. Clyde knew little of Vernor's past career; he was filled with sympathy for a young man of good family on whom such a calamity had fallen, and he replied to Gerald immediately, assuring him that he would use such influence as he possessed in Vernor's behalf. Through some of his noble clients he hoped soon to be able to reach the ear of the King.

The letter of Mrs. Digby was dispatched to Jamaica by her husband under cover to the Colonial Secretary, and then there was a dreary interval of suspense as to the result of their efforts. Mr. Digby had also applied to the friends of whom he had spoken, and in reply they promised to make an effort in the exile's behalf when the resentment against Monmouth's followers had sufficiently subsided to afford a chance of success to such an application.

The season was unusually stormy, and many nights Mrs. Digby lay awake listening to the wind that wailed around the house, fancying that in every gust she heard the dying shrieks of the unhappy Vernor. Newspapers were then scarcely known; an insignificant sheet called the *News Letter* was issued weekly in London, which came regularly to Mr. Digby. On its arrival, the shipping intelligence was eagerly scanned for some notice of the arrival of the Sally Ann at her place of destination.

One morning the family were assembled around the breakfast table when the mail was brought in. Both Mr. Digby and his wife had letters to read which occupied their attention, and Ethel took up the small dingy square of paper and glanced over [illegible]. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Oh, this is too dre[illegible]!"

Mrs. Digby laid d[illegible]letter, and became slightly pale.

"What have you the[illegible] my dear, that moves you so much?" she aske[illegible]

"Oh, aunty, those po[illegible]creatures that were sent to the colonies hav[illegible] been shipwrecked, and the whole of them lost."

"What was the name of the vessel?" asked Mr. Digby, seeing that his wife was incapable of speaking.

"The Sally Ann."

Mrs. Digby uttered a cry, and covered her face with her hands. Ethel could not account for her emotion, and she looked up bewilderdd.

"What is it, aunty, why should you be so much distressed?"

"Oh, child—child—don't ask me now. Read—read—I must hear what is told of this sad disaster."

With faltering voice, for, by some electric chain of sympathy, Mrs. Digby's agitation had communicated itself to her, Ethel read the following paragraph:

"The ship Sally Ann, on which so many of the political prisoners sent into exile were embarked, has gone down almost in sight of port, carrying with her every soul on board, except her officers, who managed to escape in the long boat. We do not intend to say that these men were undeserving of the hard fate to which they were condemned, but we do say that a most shameful and culpable act has been committed by those in authority.

The vessel chartered for this purpose was notoriously unseaworthy, and the shipwreck so near the coast of Jamaica, the escape of the officers alone, give rise to the most unpleasant suspicions that foul play was intended from the first. In God's name, if the offenders against the tranquillity of the country deserved death, let them bear the penalty as human beings, but not to be battened down in a foul hold, where disease and death held their revels during a long and stormy voyage, to be sent into the depths of the ocean nearly at its close.

It is heart-sickening to think of this great wrong as the finale to the dismal tragedy that has been enacted in our country during the last four months."

"The writer of that is a bold man, and may esteem himself happy if he escapes the vengeance of the government for speaking so plainly," said Mr. Digby, in the hope that Ethel's attention would be drawn from the uncontrolable emotion of his wife. She was weeping convulsively, and the young girl fixed her eyes upon her with a frightened and perplexed expression. Suddenly she arose, approached her aunt, and with pale lips faltered:

"I see it all now. Vernor was among those men. He was not permitted to escape to Holland. Oh, aunty, this is a terrible blow! poor—poor Vernor! would that I could have saved him."

Mrs. Digby clasped her in her arms, and together they wept over the fate of the hapless young man.

Mr. Digby re-read the paragraph, and said in a tone he vainly endeavored to render hopeful:

"Don't give up at once. Vernor may have escaped, for I scarcely think they would confine him with the humblest class of prisoners. I know he is a strong swimmer, and as the vessel was near the coast, there may have been a chance for him to save his life. But even if he failed to do so, that fate is infinitely better than to be sold as a slave to some man who might have treated him badly. My dear Ethel, do not weep so violently; you must control your feelings, or you will make yourself ill."

Ethel struggled to recover calmness, but the many shocks she had lately endured at last told upon her delicate frame, and in a few hours she was prostrated by severe illness, which confined her for many weeks to her couch.

In her turn, Alice watched beside her, and when she had sufficiently recovered to listen with interest, Gerald spent every hour he could spare from his business in reading aloud to her as had been his habit in earlier days.

Every effort was made to discover if Vernor had actually perished in the shipwreck of the Sally Ann, and before the winter passed away confirmation came that he was among those left on board the ship; she had struck upon a ledge of rocks, in a few moments went to pieces, and so far as was known, not a soul among the prisoners had escaped.

Insensibly the sad memories connected with Vernor faded from the mind of the young sufferer as time passed on, and once more Ethel walked the earth with a sense of freedom that was delightful to her. She reproached herself with this feeling, but the glad consciousness that no bar remained between herself and Gerald would make itself felt, and a new spring of happiness awoke in her severely tried heart.

The shade of sadness which had often been seen on Gerald's brow passed away, and he gave himself up to the delightful thought that by the time Ethel was old enough to become his wife he would be in a position to claim her as his own.

No word of love passed between them, for she was yet too young to be bound by any pledges, but as the years went on those two kindred souls were knit together by bonds strong as death, lasting as eternity.

No communication came from Vernor, and finally the family settled in the belief that he had shared the fate of his companions in exile. The legal proceedings which had been contemplated were laid aside, as it was considered useless to pursue them when Ethel was already released from her bonds by Vernor's death.

The Priory had passed into the possession of Mr. Digby, and he assured Gerald that he only held it in trust for him. So soon as he was able to repay the purchase money, he would restore it to him; in the meantime he set aside a certain portion of the annual income derived from the estate as a portion for Ethel; as he satisfactorily ascertained that a large sum from her inheritance had passed into the possession of Sir Hugh which had been expended in the improvement of the property.

With this bright prospect before him Gerald labored with untiring assiduity in his profession, and won golden opinions from all who knew him. His old friend, Mr. Clyde, threw much business in his hands, for which he was well paid, and his day-dream began to assume a tangible shape.

Ethel was maturing into a lovely and accomplished woman, for she sought to render herself a companion for him in the days to come, not to be a mere toy for the amusement of an idle hour.

The people of England were still in a restless and discontented state, and the tyrannical rule of James I. was slowly maturing the revolution which compelled him to abdicate the throne, and the Prince of Orange was made king under the title of William III.

Both Mr. Digby and his stepson took a warm interest in public affairs; they clearly foresaw what the end must be, and when the final arrangements were made for the landing of William at Torbay, many of the negociations that secretly passed were sent through the agency of Morton & Methurn, and the junior partner of the firm twice visited the Hague, and was privately received by the Prince of Orange.

William graciously promised that on his accession to the throne, as the reward for Gerald's services, the attainder should be removed from the name of Methurn, and the family honors and estate be restored to its present representative.

It was a joyful day for Gerald when the loud-toned bells of Taunton rang out their jubilant peal for the accession of William, and men congratulated each other that the tyranny under which the country had so long groaned was at an end. The blood so ruthlessly shed in the rebellion of Monmouth, was avenged in the downfall of the Stuarts, and James, in his turn, was an exile and a wanderer.

Gerald's claims were not forgotten; and as soon as his government was established on a firm footing, William redeemed the pledges he has made to him. The Priory was purchased of Mr. Digby and presented to him, with permission to assume the title which had been borne by his uncle.

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNEXPECTED NEWS.

Ethel was now twenty years of age. She was pétite in person, but exquisitely formed, and her sweet face was radiant with health and intelligence. Every obstacle to the union of the lovers was seemingly removed, and Gerald might now express the feelings that had been long understood. He lost no time in doing so, and Ethel became his plighted bride.

"At last you are my own," said Gerald, with love-beaming eyes. "Dearest Ethel, I have toiled for you—waited for you as long as Jacob of old for his beloved Rebecca. Once I thought you were gone from me forever, and I cannot tell you how deeply my life was saddened by the thought that I had lost you; that one who must have made you wretched had snatched you from me."

"Poor Vernor!" she sighed. "His fate was so sad that I forgive him for all the unhappiness he caused us both. I was a little simpleton to be flattered into giving him such power over my fate; but I declare to you, Gerald, that through all that time there was a sore little corner in my heart where all your kindness was shut up, for I was afraid to open it, and look fairly into it, lest any childish love for you should spring out and overshadow that I was in duty bound to cherish for Vernor. Yet he did not take much pains to make me love him, and I now know that he never cared for me."

"No, my darling; charming as you are—precious as you are to my heart—there could be no affinity between you and my unhappy cousin. He has gone to his account, poor fellow! and I will say nothing against him; but if the day had come on which he would have claimed you as his wife—if he had treated you unkindly—I believe I should have attempted to tear you from him by force. I have always felt that I had the best *right* to you; now I am convinced that a higher power designed us for each other, and after severe trial and tribulation it has brought about our union."

"I trust so, Gerald. And may that power watch over us, and enable us to walk in the path He has appointed to us honorably, truly, and religiously."

"Amen!" reverently responded her lover; and they went hand in hand from the shaded garden, in which this interview had taken place, to announce their betrothal to Mr. Digby and his wife.

They found them in the library; and Mr. Digby was opening a letter, sealed with black, which had been just received. He looked up, saw the young pair who came in radiant with happiness, and demanded his blessing on their union. Mrs. Digby was already prepared for the announcement, and she offered her congratulations with tender smiles, and fervently embraced Ethel as her daughter.

"Bless my soul, young people, you have lost no time in settling this affair!" said Mr. Digby, laughing. "Only yesterday came Gerald's promotion to the dignity of the baronetcy and estate, and to-day he has found a mistress for his house."

"The mistress was chosen many years ago, sir; but till now I have had nothing to offer her but my empty hand, which I thought scarcely worthy of acceptance. Ethel consents to share my good fortune, and if you approve, there will be no delay in making her my wife."

"I not only approve, but I give you my warmest wishes for the happiness you both deserve. Let the joy bells ring, and have the wedding over as soon as the settlements can be made, and the bride's outfit prepared. You are a noble fellow, Gerald, and my little Ethel is a pearl of price, I assure you."

Alice came in—a brilliant dark damsel, of stately mien, and noble presence. She warmly offered her congratulations, and Mr. Digby at last remembered the letter he had so long held unopened in his hand. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, and after reading the communication twice, looked seriously at Ethel.

"My dear, this letter concerns you, and the news it contains makes so material a change in your prospects, that I scarcely know if Sir Gerald Methurn, with all his newly acquired dignities, will be a suitable match for you."

Ethel grew pale, then flushed deeply, and her clasp tightened upon the hand Gerald still held in his own.

"I am Gerald's plighted wife, and no change in my prospects shall make me recede from the pledges I have given him. What is it, dear sir? Has another fortune fallen unexpectedly to me?"

"It is even so, Ethel; and more than fortune. You are now the representative of your family honors. Your uncle is dead; he has left no child to inherit his estates, and you are now Baroness Clifton, of Cliffden. This letter is from the family lawyer, and he requests that I will bring you up to London as soon as possible, that steps may be taken to put you in possession of your inheritance."

A bright expression of joy lighted up her face, and turning to her lover, she exclaimed:

"And Gerald, who sought me portionless, and almost dependent, shall have it all. He shall enter parliament, where his talents and eloquence will give him fame and position. Here is my hand, Gerald, and with it I joyfully endow you with all my honors, such as they are. You will make a name beside which that of the proudest Clifton shall sink into insignificance."

"Thank you, my generous love," he tenderly replied, as he pressed her hand to his lips. "But I am glad this did not happen a few weeks earlier, for then I should have hesitated to ask a lady so richly dowered to become my bride. Now we have looked into each other's hearts, and mere worldly distinctions cannot stand between us."

"As if they could ever have done so! Fie, Gerald! why should you speak thus? Have we not loved each other for years? Have you not always been my best friend? And if this fortune had come as a bar to our union, I would have renounced it."

"Bravo, my child! there speaks the true heart," said Mr. Digby. "But the marriage must be deferred until you are mistress of Cliffden. Then we will have a grand old English wedding, and all your tenants shall drink to the happiness of the bride and groom."

With some annoyance Gerald felt that it must be so. He had hoped to make Ethel his own in a few weeks at farthest, but now he knew that months must elapse before the tedious delays of the law would enable her to establish herself in her new position, and her guardian to have such settlements prepared as her new dignities demanded. But he was too happy to grumble much, especially as it was arranged that the whole party should accompany Ethel to London, and go from there to *Cliffden, where the marriage* was to be celebrated.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MATHEWS AND THE IRISH BEGGAR.

Mr. Mathews had a great dislike to carry money about him, and this often exposed him to trifling annoyances. On one occasion, while in Wales, on arriving at Briton Ferry on horseback, having ridden on in advance of his friends, he was obliged to wait their arrival, not having a single shilling to pay the ferryman:—"Just at this moment an Irish beggar, in the most miserable plight, came up, and poured forth all that lamentable cant of alleged destitution which it is their vocation to impress upon the *tinder*-hearted, and which seldom fails to draw forth sparks of compassion. Mr. Mathews, however, assured the applicant (who declared he was 'making his way back to ould Ireland without bit or sip for days together, and that a half-penny itself would be a treasure to him') that he had not even a farthing to offer him. It was in vain; the wretched, almost naked creature, still importuned him. At last he was told by him he supplicated, with some impatience at the tiresome and senseles perseverance, after this explanation, that so far from being able to bestow alms, he was himself, at that moment, in a situation to require assistance; actually, cold and damp as it was (November), compelled to remain at the water's edge till some friend came up who would frank him across the ferry. The man's quick bright eye surveyed the speaker with some doubt for a second; but upon a reiteration of Mr. Mathews's assurance that he was detained against his will for want of a shilling, adding, that he was lame and unable to walk home from the other side of the ferry, or otherwise, he might leave his horse behind him as security, the beggar's face brightened up, and he exclaimed, 'Then, your honor, I'll lend you the money! It's all true,' eagerly interrupted the man; 'it's all true; I'm as poor as I said I was—divil the lie's in it. I'm begging my way back to my country, where I've friends; and there's a vessel ready, I'm tould, that sails from Swansea to-night. I've got some money, but I want more to pay my passage before I go, and I'm starving myself for that raison; but is it for me to see another worse off than myself, and deny him relafe? Your honor's lame; now, I've got my legs anyhow, and that's a comfort, sure!' Then, taking a dirty rag out of his pocket, and showing about two shillings' worth of coppers, he counted out twelvepence, and profferred them to Mr. Mathews, who, willing to put the man's sincerity of intention to the proof, held out his hand for the money, at the same time inquiring, 'How, if I borrow this, shall I be able to return it? My house is some miles on the other side of the ferry, and you say you are in haste to proceed. I shall not be able to send a messenger back here for several hours, and you will then have sailed?' 'Oh, thin, may be, when your honour meets another of my poor distrist countrymen, you'll pay *him* the twelve penny; sure, it's the same in the end.' Mr Mathews was affected at the poor fellow's evident sincerity; but, desirous to put the matter to the fullest test, he thanked his ragged benefactor, and wished him a safe journey back to his country. The man took his leave with, 'Long life to your honor,' trudged off, and was soon out of sight. Mathews waited till his friends arrived, then rode after and repaid the borrowed money with interest; but it was only on producing good evidence of his prosperous condition, that the poor fellow could be prevailed on to take it."—*Memoirs of Charles Mathews.*

—Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and laborious attention to little objects which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him that he had written three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

THE RED MAN'S FATE.

(A PARAPHRASE.)

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

We hear the rustling of their weary steps
Like Autumn's withered leaves, and they are gone
Forevermore. Oh, mournfully we muse—
Two centuries ago their wigwam's smoke,
Their council-fires arose in every vale
From Hudson's iron bay unto the flowers
Of golden Florida; their wild war-dance
And long, shrill shouts of victory shook
The mountains and the glades; in glory stood
Their warriors; unto the jubilant songs
Of other days listened their eager young;
The joyous mothers with their infants played;
And rainbowed all the future with bright hopes;
The old sat down, but wept not—they should soon
In fairer regions rest, by MANITO prepared
Beyond the western sky, for all the brave.
O braver men ne'er lived; O truer men
Ne'er drew the bowstring: Courage was their own,
And fortitude: no danger did they fly,
No hardship feared—true to their country, homes,
And friends. If they no injury forgave,
No kindness they forgot. Where are they now—
Their villages, their warriors, their youth,
Their sachems and their tribes? Forever gone!
The winds fan not a single clime that they
Can call their own. Already are the last
Poor remnant of their people with sad eyes
Turned to strange lands close on the setting sun.
I see them leave their miserable homes,
How "few and faint, but fearless still" and proud;
Cold are the ashes on their native hearths;
The smoke no longer from the wigwam curls;
With slow, unsteady step they move. The White,
Demon of greed and rum and treachery,
Is on their heels for terror or dispatch—
They heed him not. They turn to take a last,
Fond, agonizing, lingering last look
Of their dear villages, lost evermore!
They cast a last look on their father's graves.
They shed no tears. They utter no wild cries.
They heave no groans. Within their quivering hearts
Is something passing speech; and on each face
A dreadful something, not of vengeance fierce,
Nor of submission, but of icy, hard
Necessity, that stifles all—all—all!
They linger but a moment now—their look
Is on—they pass the fatal stream—ah, ne'er
Shall they repass that flood—ah, nevermore;
They know, they feel that there is for them now
But one dread, awful journey more,
Not distant, not unseen, that leads—
Oh, where?—Unto the last great Burial Ground
Of their Doomed Race!

FOREST ADVENTURES.—NO. 56.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

WHAT THE JACKALS WERE AFTER. A WILD BOAR.

Darley had been right in his prognostication touching the weather, for the morning opened fair and beautiful, with a fresh, balmy breeze from the mountains. When I had washed and dressed myself I found Dan and Fitzeben with the coffee made, and some fresh mutton-chops broiled and buttered. So we sat down to breakfast, and when the meal was over I thought of the place where the jackals had dug. I had turned towards the corner where our spade stood, when I saw Harry already in possession of the implement.

"What now!" said I.

"To tell you the truth, Colonel," replied Harry, after a moment's hesitation, "I have a curiosity to find out what those jackals were digging after last night."

Just as he spoke Phil. Darley, who had been out to look to the horses, came in; and when he saw Harry with the spade in his hand, he said:

"Aha—after the buried carcass, eh?"

"We're going to see if there is one," I responded.

"That is just what I was up to," he added. "As true as you live, I've a great curiosity to know what called that troop of jackals this way."

Abner and Ben had had no particular inclination that way, but they were curious enough to follow us out. Fitzeben took the spade and commenced to dig. It was muddy, sloppy work, but he went bravely at it, and ere long he touched something that was neither a rock nor a stick. A few more spadefuls of dirt were removed, and we saw a human arm sticking out from the mud! The old darkey would have stopped work, but we urged him on.

"Don't be frightened, my good fellow," said Darley.

"Lord bress ye, I isn't afeared," replied Fitz, wiping his brow with his sleeve; "only dis yer 'pears to me like robb'n' a grabe-yard. Now jus' s'pose'n sumbody buried dis mort'l body, t'inkin' sure 'twould stay here till de resumreckshun, what kind ob a scrape d'ye 'magine dis chile 'll find hisself in when de day ob judgment comes? What'll I say when de sperrit ob dis yer carrot-colored individual axes me what I did wid his body? By golly, I guess somebody else 'd better dig."

We smiled at the darkey's earnestness, for he seemed to be really honest; but I soon managed to set him at work again, and pretty soon he had exhumed the body of a full-grown man. The flesh was slightly decayed, but the outlines of the face were sufficiently preserved to enable us to determine that the deceased had been of middle age.

"There is something more," said Darley, pointing to where a piece of cotton cloth hung out from the side of the excavation.

My boy Dan seized the spade and went at work, and in a little while a second body was brought to light, and rolled over by the side of the first.

"What do you make of it?" I said, turning to Darley.

"There has been some unfair work here," was Phil.'s reply. "This was a Greek merchant," he continued, pointing to the first body; "and this was his servant. I am very sure that I saw them in Calcutta not many weeks ago."

"Then they've been murdered?" suggested Harry.

"Murdered and robbed," added Darley.

"And who do you think did it?"

Darley remained silent a few moments, but at length he answered:

"If we are lucky we'll find out. At present let us cover up the bodies as we found them, and go about our business. We may quarter in this bungalow for several days, and if the murderers haven't gone entirely off, we'll be likely to hit 'em."

So we replaced the corses, and having shovelled back the dirt, we returned to the bungalow, where our horses were soon in readiness for a start. Darley led us to the westward, and in the course of a couple of hours we reached a small village, the potail, or head man, of which came out to meet us. He was acquainted with our guide, and seemed glad to see him; and we were not long in gaining from him the information that there were several enormous wild hogs near at hand.

"What have become of our old Shikarees?" asked Phil.

"They are here," replied the potail.

From the manner of Darley upon receiving the information I judged that he was well pleased thereat.

"Egad, Colonel," he cried, turning to me, "we've found just what we want—two of the best Shikarees in India. I've hunted with them enough to try them, and I can swear to their courage and honesty."

In a little while we found the men. They came hurrying out as soon as they knew that the lieutenant had arrived, and as they had their spears in their hands it was evident that they were ready for work. They were Mohammedans, of Arab stock, and named Malek and Abdalla. Malek was rather the stoutest of the two; but they were both resolute looking fellows, and stout enough for any ordinary work.

"Do you want us for the Shikar?" asked Abdalla. "We will serve the Sahib well."

Darley was about to refer them to me, but I told him to make such bargain with them as he saw fit; the result of which was, that Malek and Abdalla were very soon added to our party, and at a rate of compensation much less than I should have thought of offering.

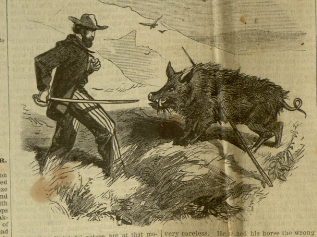
Our Shikarees knew where the wild hogs had last been seen, and we were not long in making our way from the village under their guidance. At the distance of some half-dozen miles we came to a wild tract, with rocky mountains upon one hand and a wide stretch of jungle upon the other, while between the two was a spread of grass land reaching away into a deep vale towards a dense forest.

"Ho, Sahib!" cried Malek, pointing towards a thicket near the rocks. "There are the hogs!"

"Bah!" uttered Ben Gilroy, "what is it to kill a hog!"

"By the mass!" exclaimed Darley, "you'll find out before you get through with this day's work!"

Old Ben seemed inclined to say something more of a disdainful nature, but at that moment the dogs, which had been let loose by Abdalla, came bounding out from the thicket, one of them with a bloody spot on his nose, and the lieutenant passed the order to "beat the cover." We made as much noise as we could, and finally Darley took his shot-gun from the hands of Malek, and discharged its contents into the bushes. *Presently there was a tremendous crashing, and in a few seconds more an enormous old boar broke cover, and started towards the valley.*



"Thunder and lightning!" ejaculated Ben Gilroy.

Dear reader, do you fancy that the wild hog is a clumsy brute? If such a fancy has ever found lodgment in your mind, know that you have fancied far from the truth. Even Ben Gilroy was astonished at the movements of the boar, and because he was astonished he ejaculated, "*Thunder and lightning!*"

I think I have told you that my old horse Morgan was hard to beat; but at the first burst the boar showed the highest speed. Presently Phil. Darley, upon his light Arabian, passed me, shouting as he did so, "First spear!" which simply meant that he would have the first stroke at the game; and I am willing to confess that I was not anxious to deprive him of the privilege; for I was a novice in the business. Had it been a hunt with the rifle, I would not have stood in the second place to any man in India; but I knew that Darley must excel me in the use of the spear.

The boar kept straight on towards the valley, and we pushed him with all our might. As my blood began to warm I began to think of taking the "first spear" myself; and old Morgan, as though he caught fire from the spark of my zeal, opened into one of those bursts of speed for which he was so famous. In a few moments I was up with Darley; and as I passed him I shouted, "First spear!"

"Then keep your point well up till you strike."

Away I went at headlong speed, and ere long I had the boar almost in hand. There was a fear that my horse might balk, but he showed no such signs. I had just tightened my legs, and was bending my body for the thrust, when the game made an abrupt turn to the left, and before I could haul up or change my course I heard the shout of the lieutenant:

"Firs spear! First spear!"

He, looking for this tangent in the course of the game, had been ready for it, and when the boar shot to the left he turned his horse's head and fairly cut me off. On dashed Darley, with his spear set, and pretty soon I saw him bend over and give the stroke. The sharp iron struck the boar in the shoulder, passing through under the neck, but not inflicting a mortal wound; and before the spear could be withdrawn the pricked beast had turned and was darting off in a new direction.

Now was my turn, and I improved it. In a few moments I was by the boar's side, and I struck him in the ribs, sending my spear clean through his body. I clung to the shaft, but it was of no avail. My horse bore me on, and I was forced to leave my weapon to keep company with Darley's. My next thought was of my rifle; but before I could get it (Dan had it) the boar, with the two spears in his body, broke toward the other riders. Harry gave him a neat thrust as he passed, but without stopping him. In a moment more there arose a loud shout, and I saw Ben Gilroy's horse go over, the boar having fairly dashed him from his legs; and of course over went old Ben also. I saw that Abner and Fitzeben were hurrying to the poor fellow's assistance, so I kept on with Harry and Darley after the game.

Harry had kept his spear, and as the boar began to slacken his speed, he dashed alongside and gave a home thrust low down behind the shoulder, which rolled the beast over upon the earth. I leaped from my saddle, supposing the game to be done for; but I quickly found my mistake. Harry had held the butt too high, and his spear had only cut the great muscles under the forearm. No sooner was I upon the ground than the boar was upon his feet; but, as fortune would have it, Harry's spear, which had passed clean through till the point struck the earth, remained fixed in the wound, and tripped the brute up as he started towards me. Resolved upon a desperate effort to make up for my loss of "first spear" I drew my sword and leaped forward before the beast could get his feet untangled. I aimed at the surest point, plunging the keen blade in just above Harry's spear. I knew that I had touched the heart, and yet the fellow regained his feet, and made another dash at me; but he had lost his vigor, and as I stepped aside, he staggered on, and fell dead just as Darley had dismounted.

"What do you think of the sword now?" cried the lieutenant, as he saw me wiping the blood from my blade.

I confessed that it was a grand thing.

"And what does Uncle Ben think of hog-hunting?" he asked, as the old fellow came up, grunting and puffing.

"O, golly, don't ask him!" cried Fitzeben. "Wait till de poor feller gits his breff; kase he don't know yet whedder he's dead, or whedder it's de hog. O, Lord ob Isr'el, didn't ole Ben go ober an' over like a woodchuck! He wants to see anodder hog rite off."

"I see one now," said Ben; and as he spoke he aimed a blow at the darkey's head, but the latter was too nimble for him.

"Don't worry," spoke Darley, as the smile passed from his face. "I've seen the best hunters in India borne down by a wounded hog. Only last spring one of the bravest and most accomplished officers in Her Majesty's service went down before a furious boar, and he arose not up until we picked him up, stark and dead. But," he added, as he noticed the lengthening of Ben's face, "he was careless—very careless. He reined his horse the wrong way. It was his own fault."

Ben laughed, and said that he was not afraid.

"Only," he added, with a shake of the head, "the next time I shall let lighter men take the spears, and I will [illegible] back with my rifle."

Which determination, considering Ben's rotundity of body, was considered a very wise one; for be it known Ben Gilroy had lost none of his flesh while on the trail. He brought up the beam, while in Calcutta, at two hundred and thirteen pounds avoirdupois.

The boar which we had slain was one of the largest of his kind. His height was slightly over thirty-nine inches; length of body five feet seven inches; and his tusks were nine inches long. Some of the natives came and cut the carcass up, and carried it back to the village for us. The "first spear" was entitled to the tusks, but Darley relinquished his claim in my favor, and I considered the acquisition no mean addition to my stock of trophies.

LITERARY BEGINNERS.

It is a difficult thing to tell the truth sometimes. Now here is a letter, containing an article by which the writer hopes to make money; and of which my "candid opinion is asked, as soon as convenient."

Now in the first place, the article is most illegibly written; an objection sufficient to condemn it at once, with a hurried Editor—and all Editors are hurried—beside having always a bushel basket full of MSS. already in hand to look over. In the second place, the spelling is wofully at fault. In the third place, the punctuation is altogether missing. In the fourth place, if all these things were amended, the article itself is tame, common-place, and badly expressed. Now that is my "candid opinion" of it.

Still, I am not verdant enough to believe that the writer wished my "candid opinion" were it so condemnatory as this; and should I give it, there is great danger it would be misconstrued. The author in his wounded self-love might say, that, being a writer myself, I was not disposed to be impartial. Or he might go farther and say that I had probably forgotten the time when *I* commenced writing, and longed for an appreciative or encouraging word myself. Now this would pain me very much; it would also be very unjust; because when I began to write I called that person my best and truest friend who dared tell me when I was at fault in such matters. I have now in my remembrance a stranger, who often wrote me, regarding my articles, as they appeared from time to time; who critised them unsparingly; finding fault in the plainest Saxon when he could not approve or praise. I thanked him then, I do so now; and was gratified at the singular interest he manifested in one unknown to him. I have never seen him all these years of my literary effort; but I know him to have been more truly my friend than they who would flatter me into believing better of what talent I may possess than it really merits.

This is the way I felt about friendly though unfavorable criticism. The question is, have *I* sufficient courage to risk being misunderstood, should *I*, in this instance, speak honestly and plainly. Or shall I write a very polite, non-committal answer, meaning anything, or nothing. Or shall I praise it unqualifiedly, and recommend the writer to persevere in a vocation in which I am sure he is certain to be doomed to disappointment; and all for the sake of being thought a generous, genial, kindly, sympathetic sort of person.

Which shall I do?

The writer would not like to come down off his pedestal, and hear that he must begin at the foot of the ladder, and, first of all, learn to spell correctly, before he can write. And that after words must come thoughts; and that after thoughts must come the felicitous expression of thoughts. And that, after all that, he can then look about for a market for the same.

This, you see, is a tedious process to one who wants not only immediate but *large* pecuniary results; and evidently considers himself entitled to them, notwithstanding his deference to your "candid opinion."

But what a pleasure, when the person appealed to, can conscientiously say to a writer, that he has not over but under-rated his gifts! What a pleasure if one's opinion can be of any value to him; to be able to speak encouragingly of the present, and hopefully for the future. And surely, he who has himself waded through this initiatory "Slough of Despond," and, by one chance in a thousand, landed safely on the other side, should be the last to beckon, or lure into it, those whose careless steps, struggle they ever so blindly, may never find sure or permanent foothold.

"What did I do, after all, about *that letter?*" Well, if you insist upon cornering me, it lies unanswered on my desk, this minute: a staring monument of the moral cowardice of

FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN AMERICAN WIDOW thus speaks her mind: "I am the mother of a daughter who was left a widow with one son, and afterwards married a man who was a widower with three sons. I was much displeased with the match, because I had frequently heard of him as a shiftless, lazy, improvident man to his first wife, but selfish and vain as a fool. Two of his children were provided with homes by a charitable institution, after the death of his first wife, and he has had no care of them since; the third and youngest one is still with him, and my daughter's son is left with me to support. The man has ability and health and strength to get his livelihood at manual labor of almost any kind, but his constant cry is 'I can't find a job.' He was drafted; but through the influence of friends he got clear by representing himself *as the father of three motherless children dependent on him for support.* Now this is a severe trial for me to see a man in the prime of life too lazy to earn his own living, but actually leaving his wife to support him in his disgusting idleness. He, forsooth, is very refined in his ideas of dress, his handsome face, &c., but has no care for others around him. Now, the question is, would it be my duty to point him out as one having unfairly eluded the draft, and what are the proper steps to take in the affair? I should not feel troubled if he would apply himself industriously to anything useful; but as my country is groaning for the active service of men both at home and at the seat of war, I feel it my duty to make this worthless creature useful in some way. Please give me your advice." State your case to the provost-marshall. It would do your son-in-law good to serve in the army.

A BOSTON LADY sets forth such an unusual case that we give it in her own language, that the reader may get a complete understanding of the whole matter. She says: "I am in great distress of mind, and, as I am aware that you ever counsel wisely, I have deemed it advisible to present my case to you as it is. I am a married lady, surrounded with the comforts of life, yet lack I one thing, viz: love for my husband. I respect him; but have met with a gentleman—a highly educated one—whom I love with my whole heart, and who seems to be the other part of myself. Now, would it be right for me to sever the ties that bind me to my husband, and go forth in the world with my only love? or, must I crush this new-born feeling and maintain my position as a wife as before? You will oblige me by giving your opinion as soon as convenient." You must be beside yourself with hallucination or wickedness, or a combination of both. A married woman who permits herself seriously to debate such a question as you seem to have been giving a rather hospitable reception, has already entered on the road that leads to social, moral and spiritual destruction, and she should flee from it as from the boa coiled for his spring of death.

CLERK.—We have repeatedly given the rule for calculating the amount of gold one should receive for any given sum. It is a simple statement in the "rule of three," making the price of gold the first term, one dollar or one hundred dollars the second term, and the amount proposed to be invested the third term. Suppose the premium on gold to be 60 per cent., and the amount to be invested to be $1000. The statement would then be as follows:

160 : 100 : : $1000 :

The result, of course, is $625. And to [illegible] what amount of "greenbacks" should be paid for any sum in gold, the process should of course be reversed. Thus, with gold at 50 per cent. premium, and $100 of it to be sold, the statement would be:

100 : 150 : : $100 :

and the answer would be $150.

N. B. K.—A man has three sons and sends them to a store with eggs to sell, the first having 10, the second 30 and the third 50. They are each to sell their eggs at the same price and bring back the same amount of money. On returning, each of the sons had ten cents; and our correspondent wants to know at what rate they sold their eggs. They at first sold them at the rate of seven for a cent as far as they would go, and then each sold what he had left for three cents a piece. The account would thus be:

The first..... 7 eggs for 1 cent, and 3 at 3 cents each.
" second..28 " " 4 cents, " 2 " "
" third....49 " " 7 " " 1 " "

whereby each would receive 10 cents for his eggs.

A. B. C.—The brother and parents of the girl to whom you refer acted with perfect propriety in getting her home. But the matter of the "unprincipled lover" will be a difficult one to manage, if the girl's parents have not already laid a deep foundation of filial love and duty for her character to rest upon. Mere arbitrary authority is seldom sufficient for such a case. Much wisdom and inexhaustible love and patience are necessary on the part of the parents, together with that inflexible but gentle firmness which restrains without giving offence.

MINNIE.—When a man inadvertently hurts the feelings of a lady, or unintentionally does something which offends her, all that he can do to make amends is to explain his conduct and apologize for the unwitting offence. He is not to be treated as though he had committed a crime or an unpardonable sin; nor should a lady ever attempt to make too much out of a small matter, lest it give her enemies and the censorious opportunity to account her delicacy artificial and her indignation simulated.

ADRA.—When a girl has "told a young man over and over again that she does not want his company, and can't bear him, but perfectly hates him, and that she wants him to keep out of her sight, and he still hangs around and keeps paying her attentions, and solicits her to go to parties with him although she treats him with scorn," we really do not know *what* she is going to do about it, unless she gets him drafted. We would advise your father, at any rate, to keep a dog.

BROOKLYN.—We do not know of any institution where a family could place one of its members, who had become a confirmed drunkard, for the purpose of putting him under restraint or "treatment" until his cure could be effected. We have changed your signature, for obvious reasons, but you will doubtless recognize this as an answer to your question.

SOLDIER, Signal Camp, Georgetown, D. C.—The heaviest weight we have heard of any man's lifting in the United States (or elsewhere) was some twenty-six hundred and odd pounds by Dr. Windship, "the strong man of Boston." That lift was "done" several months ago, and it may be that the doctor has since raised a heavier weight.

D. C.—The simple problems presented in the LEDGER to be worked out or solved by arithmetical analysis, could, of course, be more handsomely solved by algebraic processes, but such solutions would not be satisfactory to, nor comprehensible by, the great mass of people who are interested in the questions so presented.

G. A. D.—By purchasing some elementary work on geometry you may ascertain all the facts concerning the measurement of angles which you inquire about, and a great many more of the same sort. In your present mental state and thirst for knowledge, a geometry would probably be a fascinating work to you.

S. D.—If you are too bashful to "propose," you will probably have to endure the mortification of seeing some other man carry off the prize which may now be within your grasp. Pluck up pluck enough to put the "dread interrogatory." As to the words to be used, the plainest and fewest would be the best.

ELBERTSON, Washington.—Your problem is incompletely stated, and therefore we cannot answer it. You give no starting point. In sending in problems, or sums, correspondents should be careful not to omit any of the elements or conditions.

W.—Because a lady's marriage engagement has come to naught, it is *not* "her duty to live and die an old maid." She has a right to captivate and marry any single man around whom she can throw her toils.

ADRIAN S.—The person whom you have seen referred to in the newspapers as "the gray-eyed man of destiny" was Walker, the notorious filibuster. The appellation was bestowed upon him in derision.

HOBOKEN BOY.—In order to become a midshipman in the United States Navy, you must graduate at the U. S. Naval Academy.

MABEL.—A marriage ceremony, performed in sport, between children, is in no sense binding on the parties.

AN ANXIOUS WIFE presents the following case: "When an infant," she says, "I was deserted by my mother, and left to the mercy of strangers. I was adopted by a kind gentleman, who had no children, and till I was ten years of age I knew nothing of my parentage; then the story was told me at school; but as my foster-parents did not seem inclined to converse on the subject, I of course let it drop. After a time my father had brought home his third wife, and she conceived a strong dislike to me; so of course we did not live very happily. She dismissed our one servant and put all the drudgery upon me, and as I am naturally very *proud*, hard work and poor clothes made me feel rather bitter. I was also made to feel my dependence upon them daily; therefore, at the age of sixteen I determined to earn my own living, and told them so. They told me if I left them to work for a living they hoped I would drop the name they had given me and take another, and I did so. 'Tis now thirteen years since I went out into the world alone. During all that time my foster-parents never had known of my whereabouts, although I am only fifty miles from their residence. They have had five children of their own, but have buried them all. It was very hard for me to leave him whom I had always called father. Eight years ago I was married to a young man of respectable family. I never have told him or his friends where I came from. I think sometimes I ought to tell my husband (and his parents, who are the best people in the world, and think everything of me) all about it, but I am afraid that he would blame me for not telling him before we were married; and I have sometimes thought my marriage with him would not be legal, as I was living under an assumed name. I have passed a great many sad hours because I could not see him I once called father. I have sometimes thought I would go to the town where he lives and see him, but I don't know what to do. He and his wife of course think I have gone to destruction; but I would like to have them see my comfortable and happy home, and let them know that the pride that they prophesied would be my ruin has brought me such great blessings. Be so kind as to tell me, through your paper, to which I am a subscriber, what to do and how to do it, as I am troubled about my marriage, my husband and my kind foster-father." Tell your husband all about your early history whenever you get a good opportunity to chat with him. Any good husband would be much interested in hearing such a narrative, and would think all the more of his wife for it. Tell your husband's parents also. Also write to your foster-father a kind, loving letter, and give him and his wife a cordial invitation to come and see you. He will probably very soon let you know whether he would care to see you or not. Your marriage is perfectly legal.

CHEVALIER.—The difficulty with your sanguinary young friends seems to be the old one of which schoolboys sometimes twit cowardly fellows who make a show fight without coming to the scratch, namely, "one's afraid and t'other dare n't." Their attempt to settle the *degree* of insult suffered by each, before fighting the proposed duel, and their explanations and counter-explanations remind one of Touchstone's discourse on the same subject. "O, sir," says the court fool, "we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners; I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; *and you may avoid that too, with an* IF. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as *If you said so, then I said so;* and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*." Commend this passage to your friends. The lady about whom they are making such an absurd rumpus has good reason to feel mortified; and she would be justified in cutting the acquaintance of both the popinjays.

J. S., 1st Penn. Artillery, Camp Barry, D. C., submits the following problem to the ingenuity of the LEDGER arithmeticians. He says: "A problematic grocer in this vicinity says he has tea which he sells at 10 dimes per pound, [illegible], and flour at ½ dime [illegible] per pound. He promises his customers that, selling those articles at the respective rates mentioned, he will give 100 pounds for 100 dimes, with the condition that there shall not be less than one pound of either article, and also, that there shall be an exact number of pounds of each—that is, there shall be no fractional parts of a pound of either article. He further promises to do this ten times in succession, decreasing the number of pounds of flour each time. Thinking this a somewhat curious and interesting problem, I submit it to the readers of the LEDGER for solution."

LILLY.—If the bigamist who deserted you (on your learning that he had another wife) and carried off your personal property, can be caught, you can compel him to restore the property or pay its value, if he should have sufficient means. If he should turn out to be worthless, and had run through the property of which he plundered you, you of course could not get it, or its equivalent, back; but you could have the villain sent to the Penitentiary.

F. M.—A man who should call four or five times a day at a lady's house, on pretense of business, when in fact there was *no* business, ought not to be surprised if the lady and others should suspect that he had some plan of his own in mind which was not of a business character. The lady would do well to take any course to baffle him which she might choose to adopt, without reference to what he may like or dislike.

ARTIST.—As you love the lady devotedly, and have evidently made up your mind to marry her, you should cease to think about her being older than you are. The idea of your discussing such a question with your acquaintances seems to us to be indelicate and undignified. When any impertinent person ventures to speak to you on the subject, you should let your manner *freeze* him into silence.

PACIFIC.—We think that most people would consider the fact that a young lady waited on a comparatively strange gentleman (or any gentleman) home in the evening, on the ground that it was leap year, a sufficient reason for her lover to break off his marriage engagement with her. Such "fast" and hoydenish conduct might well disgust a man of proper sensibility and refinement.

E. F. W.—Of course it is not degrading to earn one's living honestly, even in menial employments. But a woman must exercise discretion in selecting an avocation, if she has any regard to her *social* position; and we think it would be indiscreet for a woman who is not obliged to do so to adopt any business which her best friends would feel ashamed to see her pursue.

GLADIATOR.—If you possessed the pluck and belligerent qualities of the "gladiator," you would soon settle "the little affair" to which you refer. If your false friend has misrepresented and slandered you to the lady, "bring him to book" at once. Meet him face to face, and compel him to retract his slanders.

CAROLINE.—Any one has a right to spell his name to please his own fancy, so long as he adheres to the orthograpy first adopted. Therefore, your friend had a right to adopt Frederic, or Frederick, as the orthography of his name. So, a girl may write her name Jenny or Jennie, Fanny or Fannie, &c., &c.

O. S.—People who "advertise for correspondents" are apt to be either fools or knaves. You would do well to have nothing to do with them, as, if they are fools they will bore you, and if they are knaves they will try to swindle you, and may succeed in doing so.

JENKINS.—If your father wishes you to acquire a collegiate education, (and is able and willing to pay the expense thereof,) preparatory to your entering upon the study of the law, you should go to college by all means.

A. W.—You did right in not going to see the young lady, when you supposed that your father would be displeased at your going. Her pleasure or displeasure was not for a moment to be weighed against your father's.

J. A.—If A bet $20 that Smith would be elected Sheriff, and B bet $25 that Jones would be elected, and it turned out that Brown, a third candidate, was elected, of course A and B lost their respective bets.

MAC.—By turning to the account given in the book of Genesis of the creation of the world and all things therein, you will find all that there is known on the subject.

E. B.—You should cut the acquaintance of the girl who had the effrontery to use your name and number in carrying on her anonymous correspondence.

INFATUATED.—Having married, with full knowledge of your wife's character, you have no legal grounds of divorce and no moral grounds for desertion.

L. R. R., wants some one to tell him where the 178th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers is, and what the name of the colonel is.

JAMES G.—William Wirt, once Attorney-General of the United States, has been dead many years.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*